

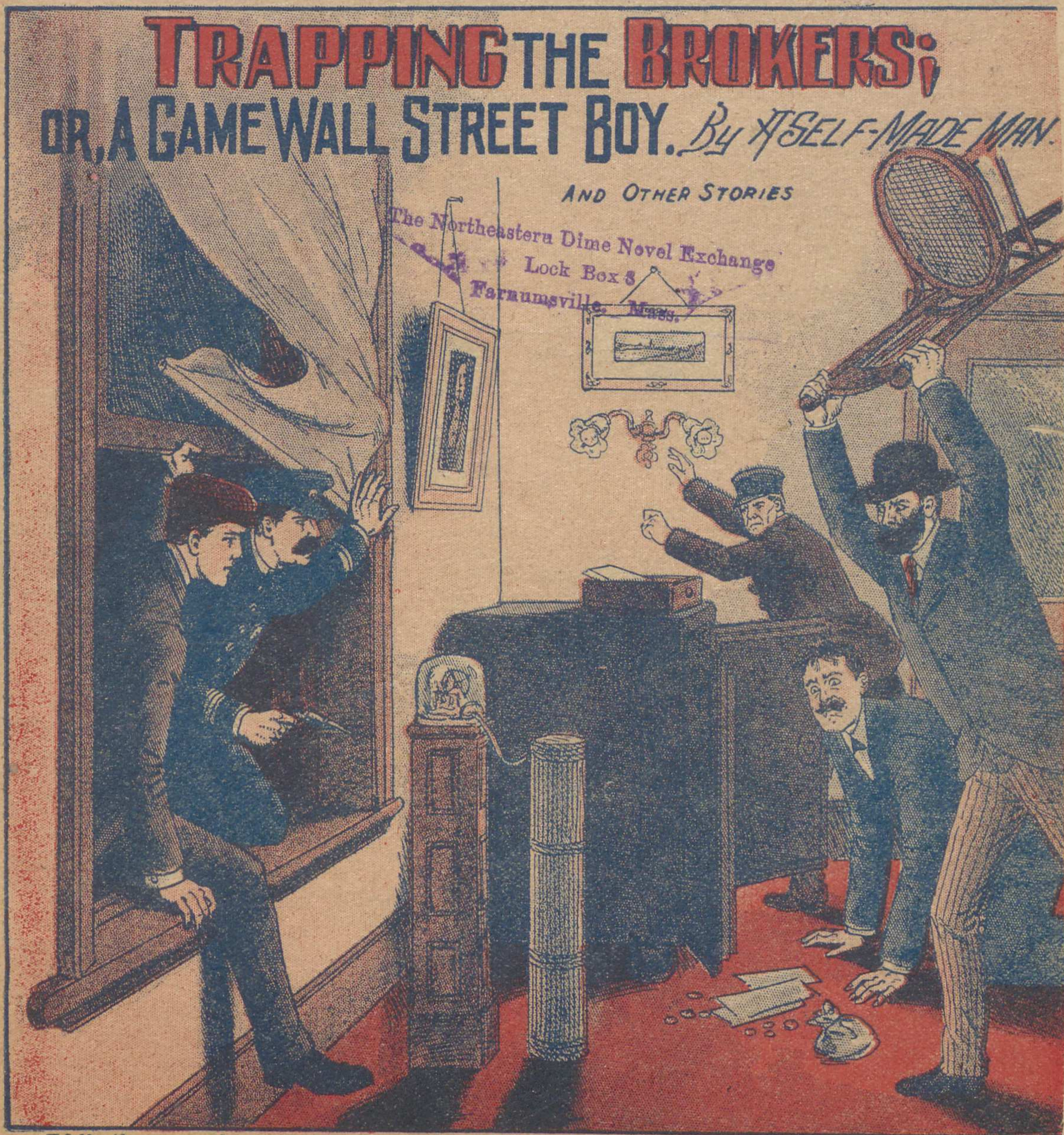
FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF
BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

TRAPPING THE BROKERS; OR, A GAME WALL STREET BOY. *By A SELF-MADE MAN.*

AND OTHER STORIES

The Northeastern Dime Novel Exchange
Lock Box 8
Farnumville, Mass.



Eddie threw up the window and stepped over the sill, followed by the policeman, revolver in hand. Their sudden appearance momentarily paralyzed the rascals, then Kidder seized a chair and swung it aloft, while McManus reached for the electric burner.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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TRAPPING THE BROKERS

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RALPH P. SMITH

BOX 985

LAURENCE, MASS.

OR, A GAME WALL STREET BOY

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—What Eddie Rand Found.

"Hello, Eddie," cried Dick Story, a broker's messenger, bouncing out of the doorway of a Wall Street office building and grabbing a particularly bright-looking, energetic boy by the shoulders. "Where are you bound?"

"The Exchange," replied Eddie Rand, holding up an envelope he was carrying in his hand. "How's things?"

"Things are booming in our place. We have about all the business we can handle, I guess, by the way the dude clerks are hustling over their books. How is it at your place?"

"We're always doing something. Business comes into our shop with unfailing regularity. The old man has been so long in the Street that he seems to have a mortgage on it."

"He seems to have a mortgage on some of the brokers from the way he does things every once in a while. My boss has been swearing like a trooper for two days because Fox caught him napping in D. & G. last Monday."

Eddie laughed.

"Why doesn't your boss keep awake, and then mine wouldn't be able to grill him?"

"It isn't any joke for Mr. Davis—and others. Come now, honest Injun, doesn't Mr. Fox catch it in the neck sometimes himself?"

"Not that I have heard of."

"Do you mean to say that he's never been done up since you've been with him?"

"He may have been; but I don't know that he has."

"How long have you been working for him?"

"Two years, there months, two weeks, three days, four hours and——"

"Well, why don't you finish?" grinned Story.

"I don't remember how many minutes and seconds."

"Oh, you don't. You seem to have it down pretty fine as it is. You're not a New Yorker, are you?"

"No. I was born on the Eastern Shore of Maryland."

"The Eastern Shore, eh?"

"On a farm called Great Oak Manor, on the banks of the Chesapeake."

"Great Oak Manor? That sounds English. How came it to get that name?"

"I don't know, unless it was on account of a venerable old oak tree that grew alongside of the house, and was so big that it formed a landmark for all the steamers and other craft that went up and down the bay. At any rate, that was its name when father bought it."

"How came you to lose such a fine place?"

"Father sold it in order to go into business in Philadelphia. The man, however, who induced him to make the change was not honest. He did father up."

"The dickens!"

"And that broke father's heart. He died and left mother, Sis and I about penniless. We came to New York and took a small flat in Harlem. My sister went to work in a department store, while I caught on to the job of messenger for Mr. Fox."

"How old are you now?"

"Eighteen."

"When do you expect to get promoted to Fox's counting room?"

"Give it up. The cashier and head bookkeeper have been with him thirty-five years."

"I believe you. He looks like a second edition of Father Noah, with his white hair and antiquated clothes."

"Mr. Peabody may be old, but he's all right," replied Eddie. "Then the other two clerks have been with Mr. Fox over twenty years."

"Say, how long was your predecessor with the firm?"

"Five years, I think."

"Is that all? I thought maybe he'd held the job until he got baldheaded like the others," chuckled Story.

"That's where your thoughts deceived you. But here we are at the New Street entrance. Are you going into the Exchange?"

"No, I'm carrying a message to 120 Broadway."

"Well, be good to yourself until I see you again."

"Good-by. Let me know when somebody dies in your office and you are promoted."

"Sure thing," and Eddie darted into the Exchange and walked up to the rail, where he told an official that he wanted to see Broker Burgess.

The broker came up, took the note, read it and said there was no answer, so Eddie started

back for his office. Mr. Fox called him into his private office as soon as he came into the small waiting-room and handed him a note to take to the Johnston Building.

"That's an uncommonly smart boy you've got, Fox," said a client who was doing business with the old broker, as soon as Eddie started off with his usual promptness to deliver the note.

"There's not a smarter or brighter one in the Street," replied Mr. Fox, with a wag of his head. "I've had all sorts of boys since I've been in business these forty odd years—most of them good, a few indifferent—but I can say that Eddie Rand is the star of them all."

While Mr. Fox was delivering his praise on his messenger's character, Eddie was hurrying along the street to the Johnston Building. Taking the elevator, he was whisked up to the fourth floor, when he got out and walked along the corridor to the office of Reed & Barton, stock brokers. The note he carried was addressed to Mr. Reed, and Eddie asked for that gentleman as soon as he entered the office. The office boy announced his presence to the senior member of the firm and Fox's messenger was told to walk into the private room. While he stood waiting for an answer to the communication Mr. Barton stepped in and said to his partner in a low tone:

"I've just received a message from Chattuck. We are directed to go ahead at once and buy all the shares in sight. They are to be delivered C. O. D. at the Park National as fast as we can secure them. I had better get over to the Exchange at once."

Mr. Reed nodded.

"Have you anything to hand me?"

"Yes. Here, attend to this first thing," and he handed Barton the note Eddie had brought.

Barton went away and Mr. Reed finished his reply and handed it to Eddie.

"If I had a little money now," mused the young messenger as he hurried back to the office, "I'd try hard to find out what stock Mr. Barton has orders to buy in such a large quantity. I know what that means. Some syndicate is going to boom it and make a million or two out of it."

An hour later Eddie carried another note to Mr. Burgess at the Exchange, and while waiting for the broker to come up to the rail he saw Mr. Barton at the J. & P. standard, and, watching him attentively, soon found out that he was buying that stock whenever it was offered to him.

"So it's J. & P. that's going to be boomed! Gee! If I only had \$100 now I guess I could make a little stake for myself. This is the first real tip I ever got onto, and I can't make the slightest use of it. Yes, I can. I'll turn it over to Mr. Fox. He'll be able to use it, and maybe he'll give me something in acknowledgment."

So when Eddie returned to the office he went in to tell his employer, but found that Mr. Fox had gone to a director's meeting and would not be back for an hour or two. Eddie then looked J. & P. up on the tape and found numerous sales at 48 and increasing fractions thereon. He continued to lament the fact he had no money of his own that he could make use of, but finally solaced himself with the reflection that he would probably have better luck at some future day. Then he began to read an early edition of an afternoon

paper that some customer had left in the room, and was thus engaged when Mr. Peabody, the old cashier, called him to carry the day's deposits to the bank. He reached the bank and took his place at the foot of the line. Reaching the window at last, he put in his book and waited for the receiving teller to make the entry. While standing there an elegantly dressed lady came out of the cashier's room and walked toward the door. As he passed Eddie something dropped from her gown to the floor unnoticed by her or any of the men who stood behind the boy. As Eddie received his book the man behind pushed his book in at the window and his arm jostled Eddie's so that the boy's pass-book fell to the floor. He stooped to pick it up and something sharp punctured his finger.

He looked on the floor and saw some kind of a lady's ornament lying there, back up, with the sharp pin point standing upward. He picked it up and started for the door, sucking the blood from his finger. When he got outside he looked at his prize. It was a diamond brooch of considerable value.

CHAPTER II.—Eddie's First Deal in Stocks.

He looked up and down Wall Street, but the lady was not in sight.

"She must have gone toward Broadway," he thought.

Forthwith he started on a run toward that thoroughfare. The Great White Way, as it is called, was so thronged with pedestrians at that moment that he might as well have looked for a needle in a haystack as to pick the lady in question out if she had really come that way.

"The best thing I can do is to run back to the bank and see the cashier about it."

So back to the bank he went, only to find that it was after three o'clock and that the porter had just closed the front doors, so he was barred out.

At that moment Dick Story came along.

"Shut out, are you?" he grinned. "That's what you get for coming around when the bank is closed. I thought you were the boy who never missed connections?"

"I was in there in time to make my deposit," replied Eddie.

"Why are you trying to get in again, then? Left your bank-book behind?"

"No, I wanted to see the cashier."

"Oh, if you wait here long enough you'll see him when he goes home."

"Thanks for the information, but my time is too valuable."

"You mean your boss's time."

"Yes, of course. Do you want to see what I found?"

"Sure. What is it? A thousand-dollar bill?"

"You're a poor guesser, Dick."

"I know I am. I paid fifteen cents for three guesses the other night at a church fair. There was a glass bottle full of beans on exhibition. The person who guessed nearest to the exact number of beans in the bottle was to get \$5."

"Well, how close did you come to winning the money?"

"About a mile. I was more than 800 out of the way at my nearest guess."

"That's because luck wasn't running your way. Well, here's what I found," and Eddie produced the brooch.

"Whew! Why, those are diamonds!"

"Any donkey can see that."

"That one in the center must be worth \$1,000."

"I wouldn't be surprised but what it is."

"Where did you find it?"

"In the bank. That's why I wanted to get in and tell the cashier about it. You see, a swell-looking lady passed out of the bank while I was at the window, and when I picked this up and saw how valuable it was I thought right away that she may have lost it. So I chased after her as far as Broadway, but couldn't see her anywhere. Then I came back to the bank and found it closed."

"That's how it was. Well, what are you going to do about it? You ought to get \$100 at least for returning it to the owner."

"I should not refuse \$100 if it was offered to me; but I expect to return it anyway, reward or no reward."

"Of course. So would I; but I'd think the party pretty mean if they didn't come up with something worth while. Why, nine out of ten people would either hold on to that till they saw a good reward offered for its return or soak it in a pawnshop for all they could get on it. I'll bet the Knight of the Three Balls would cough up \$500 or more on that thing. I want you to let me know what the owner gives you for bringing it back to her."

"All right. I'll tell you."

The boys parted at the door of the building where Mr. Fox's office was and Eddie ran up stairs. The first thing he did was to show his find to Mr. Peabody, the cashier.

"That's worth two or three thousand dollars if it's worth a cent," said the old gentleman, after examining it attentively. "Where did you pick it up?"

"In the Manhattan National," and the boy told him the circumstances.

"You'd better take it to the cashier in the morning. No doubt you'll get something for your trouble." When he got home that afternoon he showed the ornament to his mother, and she declared that the diamonds in it were of the first water. He told her how it had come into his possession and that he intended taking it over to the bank in the morning.

"Isn't it just lovely!" exclaimed his sister, Nellie, when he showed it to her at the supper table. "How I wish I owned such a brooch as that."

"I'm afraid you couldn't afford such a luxury as that, Sis. I'd rather have a hundred dollars cash than a thousand-dollar brooch or watch and chain."

"Where did you find it, Eddie?" He told her all the circumstances.

"Well, you ought to get \$100 reward for bringing it back."

"That's what mother says; but I'll be satisfied with any old amount I may get, provided I get anything at all." When he was on his way down next morning he looked in the "Lost and Found" column in the daily he usually bought, and there,

sure enough, was an advertisement offering \$500 for the return of the brooch to the cashier of the Manhattan National Bank. So Eddie carried the brooch over to the bank and asked to see the cashier. He told him how he found it, and how he had tried to get back into the bank after he had walked outside, and then let the matter go till the morning.

"That belongs to the wife of the president of the bank," said the cashier, "and she'll be delighted to get it back."

"Well, I'm glad I've found its owner. Good morning."

"Hold on, young man. What is your name?"

"Eddie Rand."

"You're an honest boy. The brooch has been advertised, and I have been instructed to pay a reward of \$500 to the finder if he presented the ornament at the bank. Here is the money," and he took some bills out of a near-by drawer.

"I don't like to be paid so much for returning what does not belong to me, sir."

"The sentiment does you credit, and I feel all the greater pleasure in handing you the reward. That brooch is worth, I understand, \$5,000. You need have no compunction about receiving the \$500. Take it, together with the thanks of Mrs. Jadwin."

Eddie accepted the bills and thanked the cashier.

"My gracious!" he exclaimed, as he walked out of the side door. "I'm rich. I'll buy mother a new dress and hat, and sister——"

Then he stopped short as the thought suddenly occurred to him that with that money he could secure 100 shares of J. & P. on a ten per cent. margin. Without allowing his purpose to cool he ran up Nassau Street to a little bank that made a specialty of accepting orders to buy and sell on the market for small traders, and going up to the margin clerk's window in the brokerage department, asked him if he would take an order to buy one hundred shares of J. & P. at the market price.

"Sure thing," replied the clerk. "J. & P. closed around 49 yesterday. It will cost you \$490 to cover the margin."

"All right," replied Eddie. "Here's the money."

Thus our young messenger made his first deal on the market and returned to the office.

CHAPTER III.—How Eddie's First Deal Turned Out.

Buzz—z—z—z! That was Mr. Fox's call and Eddie answered it right away.

"What about this brooch you found?" asked the old broker.

Eddie told him all the facts of the case.

"So you got the \$500, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Glad to hear it. Take these letters and deliver them."

"Yes, sir. By the way, may I speak to you a moment?"

"Certainly. What is it?"

Eddie then told him what he had heard Mr. Barton tell Mr. Reed the day before. Mr. Fox pricked up his ears.

"You didn't hear the name of the stock, did you?"

"No, sir; but the next time I went to the Exchange I saw Mr. Barton buying all the J. & P. shares he could get hold of, so I thought the tip was worth passing on to you."

The old broker pursed up his lips and considered.

"I think I'll go over to the Exchange myself and see how the wind blows. If your information is correct, as I believe it is, I'll give you \$1,000 for your tip, Eddie."

"Thank you, sir."

Eddie was out an hour. When he got back he was astonished to find the elegantly dressed lady he supposed had lost the brooch sitting in the room.

"Are you Eddie Rand?" she asked, with a smile.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I have called to thank you in person for returning my brooch which you found in the bank yesterday. It was a very valuable keepsake, and one of the first presents I received from my husband many years ago. For that reason I set a great value on it. Mr. Case told me that you returned it without reference whatever to the reward my husband offered. That's why I had a great curiosity to make your acquaintance. I know that such a valuable trinket would be a great temptation to many boys to try and get as much out of it as they could. I should really like to give you more than the \$500 Mr. Case handed you, but I fear you would not accept it."

"I should say not, ma'am," replied Eddie, politely but firmly. "I think the amount I got a very liberal one."

"My husband will be glad to see you at the bank any time you could make it convenient to call there. Here is my card. I want you to come up and see us some evening."

Eddie took the card, which read: "Mrs. Thomas Jadwin, — Fifth Avenue."

"I shall be pleased to call, ma'am, if you really wish me to."

"I certainly wish you to. I want to keep track of you. I'm pleased to see what a bright, smart-looking boy you are. It would give me great pleasure to be of service to you hereafter."

Mrs. Jadwin then took her leave after shaking hands with Eddie.

"I've made a pretty swell friend," said Eddie to himself, after she had gone. "Just think of me on visiting terms with Fifth Avenue? Hobnobbing with the family of the president of the Manhattan National. Well, say, I'll have to get a new suit of clothes and rent an automobile so I can do the thing in style."

That afternoon he met Dick Story at a quick-lunch counter.

"Well, I see that brooch was advertised," said Dick, before Eddie could open his mouth. "Did you return it and claim the \$500?" he added, eagerly.

"I returned it first thing this morning," replied Eddie. "I didn't claim the reward. What do you take me for? However, I got it just the same."

"Glory hallelujah! You're flush then. Going to treat to a show?"

"Yes. I'm willing to do that. When do you want to go?"

"I'm ready any time you say."

"I'll make it to-morrow night, then."

"That suits me all right. What are you going to do with all that money?"

"Make it work for me."

"Make it work for you?"

"Sure."

"You mean you're going to put in in a savings bank and make it earn interest."

"I think I can do better than that."

"In what way?" asked Dick, curiously.

"As I had a good tip on the market I used it."

"Do you mean to say that you've gone into the market with that money?"

"I do mean to say it."

"What did you buy?"

"J. & P."

"That isn't so bad. I heard that it went up two points to-day."

"That's what it did."

"How many shares did you get?"

"One hundred."

"What did you pay for it?"

"Forty-nine."

"Then you've made \$200 already."

Both boys, having finished their lunch, left the restaurant. That afternoon when Eddie got home his mother asked him about the brooch matter.

"I got \$500, mother."

Then he explained to her how he had used it. It was easy to see that she did not exactly approve of the risk he ran, notwithstanding that he assured her that he was already about \$200 ahead of the game. Next day J. & P. went up a point and a half, and on the following day, which was Saturday, the stock closed at 53, or an advance of four points since Eddie got it. Mr. Fox had made no further reference to the \$1,000 he had promised him provisionally, but Eddie felt satisfied that it would come his way in good time, as he knew his employer wouldn't let a good thing get away from him. On Monday J. & P. went up about half a point, and then, to Eddie's surprise, collapsed to 50 under a bear movement and a general falling market.

Next day it recovered to 51, on Wednesday fluctuated between that and 53, closing at 52 5-8. On Thursday the entire market stiffened and J. & P. went to 56. On the following morning, owing to some news which had been made known on the Street, there was a sudden rush by the brokers to buy J. & P. shares, with the result that when the Exchange closed it had reached 62. Saturday morning the Exchange was in a pandemonium over the stock, and it was rushed up to 70 in one hour. At that price Eddie decided to sell out, for fear something might happen over Sunday that might have a bad effect on it.

So seizing a few minutes when he was sent to the Exchange, where he found a howling mob on the floor, he ran to the bank and ordered his 100 shares sold. It was done inside of ten minutes at 70 5-8. On Monday, when Eddie got his check and statement of account and found that he had cleared \$2,100, the stock was up to \$74; but he didn't care, being perfectly contented with his winnings. That night he handed his mother \$500 and his sister \$100, after hiring a safety deposit box and putting away \$2,000 in it, and mother and daughter cried with joy over their unexpected

windfall, and declared that Eddie was the smartest boy in the universe, which was quite a natural thing for them to do under the circumstances.

CHAPTER IV.—Eddie Acts The Good Samaritan.

On Tuesday morning Mr. Fox called Eddie into his private room and handed him his check for \$1,000.

"You can add that to the \$500 you received the other day for returning the diamond brooch," he said. "It will be a nest egg for you when you get older."

"Thank you, sir," replied Eddie.

"It is not necessary to thank me. You've earned it," chuckled the old broker. "Now you may take this note around to Reed & Barton."

Eddie grabbed his hat and left the office. Eddie delivered the letter at Reed & Barton's, and as there was no answer he started back at once for his office. When he reached the corridor on which Mr. Fox's office opened he noticed a delicate-looking but very pretty girl coming toward him. It struck him that there was something the matter with her, for she seemed hardly able to walk.

"She acts as if she was ill," said Eddie to himself, stopping and looking at her in a sympathetic way.

At that moment she staggered, put her hand to her head and seemed on the point of falling. Eddie immediately rushed up to her and supported her with his arm.

"I beg your pardon, miss, you look as if——"

The girl stared at him with a glassy look, gave a sigh and fainted, a dead weight, in his arms.

"Gee whiz!" fluttered the young messenger. "Here's a fix. I'll have to carry her into our office."

He opened the door, bore the girl inside, and placed her in his chair. Then he ran into the counting-room, told Miss De Quincy that a young lady had fainted in the corridor, that he had carried her into the reception room, and asked her if she wouldn't do something for her. When Eddie returned with a glass of water the stenographer was bending over the stranger. He sprinkled some of the water in the girl's face, while Miss De Quincy chafed her hands first and then held a bottle of smelling-salts under her nose. In a few moments the girl gasped, opened her eyes and gradually recovered her senses. The stranger looked at the boy and the stenographer and then burst into tears.

"Don't cry, miss; you'll be all right in a minute."

The girl, however, grew hysterical, and the old cashier came out to see what was the matter. Eddie explained the circumstances to him.

"I'm afraid we'll have to ring for an ambulance," said the old man. "She looks very ill, indeed."

Eddie at once communicated with the Chambers Street Hospital. Before the ambulance came the girl recovered her composure somewhat. She said her name was Emily Melville; that she had come down to Wall Street to look for a position as stenographer, having lost her last situation owing to the failure of the firm that had employed her; that this misfortune had been fol-

lowed by a six weeks' illness, which had left her in a weakened condition.

"You ought not to have started to look for work before you were able to go about," said Eddie. "You are liable to throw yourself back again."

The girl smiled sadly and her big blue eyes filled up again. Just then the ambulance surgeon came bustling into the room, and Eddie pointed to the girl. She began to look terrified as the young sawbones took hold of her wrist and asked her to put out her tongue. Eddie felt a great sympathy for her, and started to assure her that no harm would come to her. She had already learned that it was he who had caught her in his arms when she fainted in the corridor, and brought her into the office, and she seemed to look upon him as her only friend in her trouble. She grasped one of his hands and clung to it, while she looked beseechingly into his eyes when the surgeon said she was half starved, and he'd have to take her to the hospital.

"Please don't let me be carried there," she begged of Eddie. "I want to go home to mother."

The young messenger couldn't resist the appeal.

"Give her something to brace her up, Mr. Surgeon, and I'll see that she's carried home in a cab," he said.

"All right," replied the surgeon. "The risk is hers. I'll give her something that'll revive her for a while, but she ought to be attended to by a physician as soon as she gets home."

"I'll look after that," answered Eddie promptly.

The surgeon called for a glass with a little water, into which he poured something from a vial and made the girl drink it.

"That's all I can do for her," he said, gathering up his bag. "Have her taken home at once."

Mr. Fox came in at that moment and naturally wanted to know what the excitement was about. Eddie told him, and asked permission to take the girl home in a cab. Mr. Fox gave the desired permission. He went into his private office, while Eddie put on his hat and started for Broad Street to get a cab. Ten minutes later he helped the girl to the elevator, from which he assisted her to the sidewalk and into the cab, giving the driver the address furnished by the girl.

"You are very good to me, Mr. ——" began Miss Melville gratefully.

"My name is Eddie—Eddie Rand," he replied. "Don't thank me. I'm only doing the right thing by you, for you could not get home by yourself."

"I shall be very grateful to you as long as I live," she said, allowing her tearful eyes to rest on his face.

CHAPTER V.—Eddie And Emily.

As Miss Melville was not in shape to talk much little more was said until the cab reached the cheap flat where she lived. Then Eddie gently helped her up the stairs to the rooms occupied by herself and her mother. Mrs. Melville answered Eddie's knock, and was very much alarmed at perceiving her daughter's condition. Eddie asked her what doctor had treated her daughter through her illness, and, receiving the physician's address, he jumped into the cab and was driven to his office. He happened to be in

and disengaged at the time, and readily consented to coming around at once to see the girl. As they rode around in the cab Eddie told him the particulars of Miss Melville's attack of fainting in the Wall Street office building, and what had been done for her.

"She should not have gone down town in her condition," said the doctor, emphatically. "She was not strong enough to stand the strain."

"That's what I think," answered the boy.

After the physician had seen the girl he sent Eddie to a nearby drug store to have a prescription filled, and as soon as he had administered a dose of the mixture he took his leave, after impressing on Mrs. Melville the absolute need of rest for at least a week for her daughter. Emily's mother thanked Eddie feelingly for what he had done for her child, and assured him that she'd never forget his kindness.

"That's all right, ma'am. I'm glad to have been able to do her a service. Now I'm going to loan you \$20 to help you out."

"You are very generous, Mr. Rand, but I cannot take so much from you, since I do not know when I would be able to repay you."

"You must accept the \$20, Mrs. Melville. I can easily afford to loan it to you. After what I have done I am sure you would not wish to displease me by refusing the money. From what I learned from your daughter I am sure you need it."

Emily's mother reluctantly took the money with many protestations of gratitude.

"I will call to-morrow, with your permission, Mrs. Melville, to see how your daughter is getting on, and when she is well I will try to get her a position in Wall Street through my employer, who will do that much for me, I believe."

Eddie then took his leave, got into the cab and was carried back to his office. On the following evening Eddie called on the Melvilles as he had promised to do and found Emily much better. He brought her some oranges and other fruit, as well as a small bouquet of flowers, and mother and daughter were both of one mind—that he was the nicest and most gentlemanly boy they had ever met. The Melvilles were evidently not common people—clearly they had seen better days; but they said very little on the subject. Eddie, however, learned that Mr. Melville, who died two years since, had been an artist, with a small studio in West Forty-second Street, and that the real hard luck of his wife and daughter came up on them after his death. Emily had learned typewriting and shorthand, and become quite expert at it.

Eddie assured them that he would not allow them to want for anything absolutely necessary for their comfort, and said they could pay him back in any way most convenient to them when Emily got to work again. He also said that he would like them to meet his mother and sister, and they assured him that it would give them great pleasure to do so. He promised to bring his sister with him the next time he called, and he did so. The two girls took a great fancy to each other at once, and Emily returned the visit as soon as she could. In the meantime Eddie did not forget his promise to look out for a position for Miss Melville. He struck Mr. Fox on the subject, telling him that he would regard it as a personal favor if he would speak to some of his

broker acquaintances, and see what he could do in that direction.

Mr. Fox was very willing to oblige his young messenger, feeling assured that any favor he did for the boy would be returned in more faithful service if possible. The result was that he found a broker whose stenographer was about to leave him to get married and he asked him to give Miss Melville a trial. The trader wrote to Emily asking her to call. She did so at once, and soon demonstrated to his satisfaction that she was fully competent to fill the bill, and therefore he engaged her at a higher salary than she had been getting at her old place. Emily couldn't thank Eddie enough for the interest he took in getting her work.

"That's all right, Miss Emily," the boy replied. "You're quite welcome. All I ask is that you and my sister will continue good friends."

"It shan't be my fault if your sister and I do not continue friends, Mr. Rand. I think she is one of the sweetest girls in the world."

Eddie left shortly after.

CHAPTER VI.—Eddie Makes Another Lucky Deal.

After a short lull in things the market began to boom again, and that meant livelier times for Eddie, Dick Story and all the other messengers in the Street, as well as for the clerks, who had to work overtime to catch up with the day's business. Eddie kept his eyes skinned for a chance to make a little haul out of the rising stocks. He studied the daily reports closely and finally picked out a stock which looked pretty good to him, and bought 200 shares of it at 82, which took about half his money to make good the margin. It was a rather risky proceeding for him to do, as he had no inside information to work on this time; but he was a game lad—one of the gamest in Wall Street, with the courage of his convictions.

The name of the stock was Louisville Southern. He had seen hints about a consolidation of another road with it in the papers for weeks back, but whether there was any truth in the matter he could not tell any more than the average lamb that invaded the district. He believed that the market was not likely to go to pieces for a week at least, and as stocks were appreciating in value every day he was prepared to take a fighting chance in order to make something, on the principle that nothing ventured nothing gained.

"I can't tell when I'll run across another tip," he said to himself. "They're scarcer than hen's teeth. If I'm going to wait until I get hold of another one that little capital of mine is liable to get good and rusty from disuse. I'm only risking a little over half my money anyway. I can meet another call for margin if it becomes necessary to cough up, so I don't think I'm in any actual danger of getting wiped out. I don't intend to hold on for big profits for I don't believe there's any money in any of the stocks just now. If Louisville Southern goes up five points that will satisfy me."

He now watched the ticker whenever he got the ghost of a chance to do so, and two days later he was delighted to find that L. S. had advanced

to 85. That afternoon he ran across Dick Story, who seemed to be in great glee over something.

"What makes you so gay, Dick?" he asked.

"You'd never guess."

"No, I'm as poor a guesser as you were with the bottle of beans, so I'm not going to try."

"Well, I found \$50 on the street this morning."

"Wasn't there any clue to the owner?"

"Nary clue. Five tens rolled up together were lying in the gutter and I just stooped down and picked it up."

"Lucky boy," said Eddie.

"Not so lucky as you, who found a \$5,000 brooch."

"Thanks for reminding me of it, Dick. I promised to call and see the Jadwins at their home on Fifth Avenue, and blessed if I didn't forget all about it."

"You promised to call at the Jadwins!" exclaimed Dick, opening his eyes with astonishment.

"That's what I said."

"Did they actually invite you?"

"Mrs. Jadwin did."

"You don't say. I thought you were kidding me."

"I don't kid, as a rule, Dick. I'm glad you mentioned the brooch incident so that I can keep my word."

"I guess they live in a pretty swell house if it's on Fifth Avenue."

"They ought to. I've heard that Mr. Thomas Jadwin, who is president of the Manhattan National, is worth his millions."

"I wish I was in your shoes. I'd try to make myself as solid as possible in that quarter. You might be able to get a job in the bank."

"Don't want it. Fox's office is good enough for me."

"But you'll never get promoted there."

"What's the reason I won't?"

"Because those clerks hang on till their hair falls out and they get baldheaded."

"I'm not worrying about that. Mr. Fox told me that he's going to make a place for me in the counting-room by and by."

"Oh, if he told you that, I suppose it's all right. But supposing Fox was to die, what then?"

"Give it up. I'm not supposing disagreeable things."

"But if he did, what would you do in case the business was wound up?"

"I'd start in business on my own hook and hire you as messenger," grinned Eddie.

"I thought you didn't kid."

"I'm not kidding, I mean what I say, except about taking you in, for I suppose you wouldn't come."

"I'd like to; but my folks wouldn't stand for it."

"Not if I guaranteed you a year's salary?"

"I don't see how you could do that."

"There's lots of things you don't see, Dicky. For instance, you've got \$50 in your pocket now. If you saw things as I do you'd say, 'Here Eddie, lend me \$35. I want to buy ten shares of Louisville Southern. It's going up, and I think I see a chance to make a stake.' I'd say, 'Sure,' and produce. Then you'd go to the bank on Nassau Street and buy the ten shares on a ten

per cent. margin, and in a week from now you'd be worth \$50 more—perhaps."

"Perhaps. That's just it. I might also lose my own \$50 and your \$35, then where would I stand?"

"Where you stood before you found the fifty."

"Worse. I'd owe you \$35."

"Which I'd call off, for \$35 don't worry me half as much as the time when you expect to get lunch to-day does you."

"You must be flush. Where did you get all your money?"

"Never you mind about that. Do you want to borrow \$35?"

"Do you know anything about Louisville Southern?"

"Not a thing; but I was game enough to risk \$1,640 on 200 shares two days ago at 82 and to-day it's going at 85."

"Gee! I've a great mind to risk it," said Dick in some excitement.

"Suit yourself. If you want the \$35, here it is," and Eddie flashed out a small roll.

"Gosh all hemlock! You're a capitalist."

"Hardly that; but I'm game to back you \$35."

"I'll take it."

"There you are. Now get the shares as soon as you can. They're liable to go up some more right away. Don't hold on over 90. I was going to sell at 87, but I've changed my mind. I'm going to risk it at 90."

Dick bought the shares at 85 that day, and next day they went up another point. The reason why Eddie was now so confident about Louisville Southern was because he heard Mr. Fox tell another trader that the stock would go to 90 at least, and Eddie had a good deal of confidence in his boss's judgment. In fact, he had an idea that Mr. Fox was interested in the stock himself. He wasn't sure, of course, but he was a shrewd guesser under certain conditions. At any rate, whether it was that Eddie was a lucky boy in everything he took hold of, or because matters simply shaped themselves to his advantage, certain it is that Louisville Southern went to 90 and a fraction before he knew where he was. As soon as he saw that quotation on the ticker he asked the cashier if he could go out for fifteen minutes, and, receiving the required permission, he started for Nassau Street on the run.

"Sell my 200 shares," he said to the clerk at the margin window, producing his memorandum of the transaction.

"All right," replied the clerk; "they'll be sold inside of ten minutes."

And they were. Eddie made nearly \$1,600 on the deal. Next day Louisville Southern went up to 92. Dick sold his ten shares at that figure and a fraction. He would have sold at 90, and was on pins and needles to do so, but he couldn't get within hailing distance of the bank until the price had advanced the other two points. Then he was glad he hadn't been able to sell before because he made \$20 more by it. That's what he told Eddie when he returned him the \$35 with thanks.

"I made \$70 where I hardly expected to cabbage \$50. You're a brick, Eddie, and I shan't soon forget what I owe you. I'm going to treat to a show to-night on the strength of it."

"No, you won't," replied Eddie. "The treat is on my side, for I made \$1,600 on L. S. myself."

"Gosh all hemlock! You don't say," was all Story could say.

That night they went to the Empire Theater, and had an oyster stew afterward, and Eddie paid the damage for the whole thing.

CHAPTER VII.—A Game Wall Street Boy.

The next day was Sunday, and Eddie spruced up and went to call on the Jadwins. A swell-looking butler came to the door after he had stood on the stoop outside so long that he began to think there was no one at home.

"Do you—aw—wish to see Mr. Jadwin or Mrs. Jadwin?" inquired the man, stiffly.

"Mrs. Jadwin."

"Aw, yes. I will see if me lady is at 'ome," motioning the boy to step into the darkened parlor.

Then he walked with dignified slowness up stairs to communicate with his mistress, while Eddie gazed around on the pictures, statuary, gilt furniture, and almost priceless rugs that surrounded him. At the end of ten minutes he reappeared at the door of the parlor.

"Aw, Mrs. Jadwin is—aw—at home, and will see you upstairs. Follow me."

Eddie followed him. The man guided him to a certain door on the second floor, which he opened wide and then stood aside as rigid as a statue. After Eddie had entered he closed the door with great deliberation and disappeared. Mrs. Jadwin was delighted to see Eddie.

"I'm sorry that Mr. Jadwin is out; but he may return before you go. Might I trouble you to push that button?" indicating one in the wall.

Eddie pushed it.

"I've been expecting to see you before, Mr. Rand," the lady went on.

Eddie explained that he had found it impossible to make the visit any sooner. Mrs. Jadwin then asked him several questions, and about the time the boy had finished answering them the butler filled the doorway.

"Henry, will you tell Miss Jadwin that I have a young visitor I wish to introduce to her?"

The butler bowed and retired. In a short time Miss Jadwin appeared—a vision of loveliness, just sixteen years old.

"My dear," said her mother, "this is Mr. Rand—the young gentleman who found my diamond brooch and returned it to the bank."

Miss Jadwin smiled and extended her hand to Eddie. The conversation then became more general. They were very genial with him, but he didn't find it half so easy to talk with them as with Mrs. Melville and Emily. At length he said he guessed it was time to go. They both expressed the pleasure they had enjoyed from his visit and hoped he would call soon again. Of course Eddie promised he would. The butler was then summoned and showed the boy to the door without a word. Next day Eddie gave an account of his visit to Dick. Story listened with all his ears.

"Gosh all hemlock!" he exclaimed. "That ramrod of a servant would have knocked me silly. Excuse me from running against such chaps. So the Jadwins treated you fine, eh?"

"Ret your life they did, but they're rather too

swell for me. Miss Lucretia Jadwin is the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life."

"What, prettier than Emily Melville?" grinned Dick.

"Yes. I have to admit that she is. She's a blonde with a cream-like complexion that is simply gorgeous."

"Gorgeous is good, Eddie."

"That about expresses it. That's all I've time to say now, as I go in here."

Dick went on his way and Eddie took an elevator to the fourth floor of the Astor Building, where he had to deliver a note. Soon after his return to the office a Broad Street broker, with a saturnine cast of countenance, walked into the reception room.

"I want to see Mr. Fox," he asked almost savagely.

"What name, sir?"

"Grinnell. Tell him I've got to see him, that's all there is to it, understand?"

Eddie made no reply, but went into the private office and announced the visitor. Mr. Fox looked annoyed.

"I suppose I've got to see him," he muttered, half aloud.

"He looks kind of mad, sir."

"I dare say. Show him in. Then come in in a few minutes and say that Mr. Peabody wants to see me. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied Eddie promptly.

Then he told Mr. Grinnell that Mr. Fox would see him. The dark-featured broker entered the private room with blood in his eye. Eddie waited three minutes and then rushed inside.

"If you don't let me off I'll blow you and the office to the mischief," roared the visitor, as Eddie opened the door.

The boy saw something like a cardboard cylinder in the man's hand, which was raised in a threatening gesture toward Mr. Fox, who looked much disturbed.

"Mr. Peabody wishes to see you a moment, Mr. Fox," said Eddie.

"No, you don't leave that chair till you've signed that paper," said Grinnell, savagely. "Get out of here, boy!" he roared at Eddie.

Instantly the thought flashed through Eddie's mind that the cylinder in the visitor's hand was something dangerous—maybe a bomb. Eddie never thought quicker in his life. If he could only get that cylinder out of the man's hand before he could use it, if such was his purpose, everything would be well. Eddie suddenly turned and pointing out the window, exclaimed, "Fire!" in apparent excitement. Grinnell wheeled around and lowered his arm. Like a flash Eddie reached forward and snatched the cylinder from his fingers. It was a daring act, but the circumstances warranted the risk. Mr. Fox sprang to his feet and dashed out of his office, followed by Eddie, with the infuriated caller at their heels. Eddie in his haste slipped and fell. Grinnell tripped over him and pitched head foremost against the ticker. The machine went down, and the glass cover was smashed into a thousand bits. The visitor rolled over like a log beside it. He had cut a great gash in his forehead and lay stunned and helpless. Then Eddie got up and joined his employer in the counting-room, which was a scene of considerable excitement.

"He's knocked out," said the young messenger,

"and I've got the cylinder he threatened you with, sir."

"Take it away—it's dangerous!" gasped the frightened broker.

"All right, sir. I'd better take it to the police station and turn it over. Are you going to have the man arrested?"

"Yes, yes. Send for an officer."

Eddie telephoned for a policeman after placing the cylinder in the wash basin, putting the stopper in and turning on enough water to cover it. In due time an officer responded. The facts were stated to him.

"Do you give this man in charge?" he asked Mr. Fox.

"I do," replied the old broker. "If that cylinder proves to be an infernal machine I'll prosecute him to the full extent of the law."

As Grinnell showed no signs of coming to his senses, the officer telephoned for the patrol wagon. Its arrival caused much excitement and commotion in the street. Grinnell, still unconscious, was carried to the station and attended to by the surgeon, who soon brought him to his senses. By that time Mr. Fox and Eddie had reached the station. Both stated the facts of the case. Grinnell then declared that the cylinder was perfectly harmless, and that he had merely used it as a bluff to carry out his purpose. The presumed bomb was then carefully examined by a policeman and found to be merely an ordinary cardboard cylinder filled with fine black sand. It was not the least bit dangerous.

Nevertheless all the officers at the station were of one mind—that Eddie Rand was the gamest boy in Wall Street, as everything had tended to show that the cylinder might have contained a powerful explosive that would have wrecked the office. The charge was altered to suit the changed conditions, but Grinnell found that it was serious enough at the best. A short time afterward he was conveyed to the Tombs, where he was put in a cell pending his examination before a magistrate next morning.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Lost Pocketbook.

Of course the news of Grinnell's attack on old Mr. Fox, and Eddie Rand's plucky behavior under desperate circumstances, soon got around Wall Street. Those who knew Eddie stopped him when they saw him, shook hands with him, and expressed their admiration for him in unqualified terms. Naturally Dick Story heard about the affair, as did all the other messengers, and more than half the clerks and typewriters in the big office building. The whole thing was forgotten in Wall Street in a day or two except by those directly concerned. Business was on the boom, and nobody could waste time over anything but their efforts to make money. Eddie kept mighty wide awake for a stray tip as he visited the different offices Mr. Fox sent him to, but nothing seemed to come his way.

He also watched the market closely, and read all the different Wall Street journals, as well as the ticker items in the daily press, for a chance to duplicate his Louisville Southern success. He had over \$4,500 in his safe deposit box, and he was anxious to put it to work. At the same time

he was wary not to plunge in recklessly, merely because the market seemed to promise results. The fact that Eddie was well liked by a good many traders created a number of enemies for him among the other messengers who were jealous of his popularity. Some of them guyyed him whenever they got a chance, others tried to play tricks on him so as to hold him up to ridicule.

The most persevering and malicious of his enemies was a red-headed boy named Gulick. He was a postal telegraph messenger, and being strong and quarrelsome, he lorded it over the other lads in his office, consequently he was cordially detested by most of his companions. One day Gulick was sent to the Edison Building to deliver a message to the broker. As he was passing along the corridor a stout man came toward him whom he recognized as a trader who had an office in the Singer Building. As he was passing he drew out his handkerchief and something fell to the floor.

Gulick's sharp eyes saw that it was a pocketbook, and that its owner passed on without noticing his loss. Opening it he saw that it contained \$100 in bills and several papers. He shoved the money in his pocket, paid no attention to the papers, and was going to toss the wallet under a newspaper lying a few yards away when he heard footsteps in the next corridor. Looking around the corner he saw Eddie Rand coming toward him. An idea instantly occurred to his mind. He laid the pocketbook down on the floor in plain view and kited back the way he had come in order to get out of sight. Of course when Eddie came into the corridor that Gulick had just quitted he saw the pocketbook and naturally he picked it up. As he did so a broker who knew Eddie well came out of an office close by and saw him lifting the wallet from the floor.

"Hello, Eddie," he said, "what have you got there?"

"Just found a pocketbook."

"You're lucky. Open it and see what's in it," suggested the trader, stopping out of curiosity to see himself what was in the wallet.

"Nothing but papers," said Eddie, after going through it.

"Any clue to the owner?"

"Doesn't seem to be," replied the boy. "I'll look at the papers when I get back to the office, and if I can get a line on the person to whom the pocketbook belongs I'll return it to him."

"Too bad there isn't a wad in it," said the trader, "for in that case you'd stand a show of getting something for restoring it."

The speaker passed on in the direction Eddie had come while the boy, with the wallet in his hand, went toward the elevator. Gulick was waiting for him to appear, and as soon as he saw the pocketbook in Eddie's hand he chuckled and started for the corridor again to deliver his message.

"I'll let Thorndyke know that Rand found his wallet, then when smartie Eddie has to give up he'll be accused of stealin' the \$100 out of it. That'll be fine, betcher life. I'd like to be on hand when Thorndyke tackles him for the missin' bills. The news will get all around the Street that that stuck-up rooster swipes what doesn't belong to him. P'raps he won't hold his head so high after this. Bah! I hate him."

When Eddie got back to his office and found that he didn't have to go out immediately, he sat down, took out the pocketbook he had picked up and started to investigate the papers. The first paper he opened was a pencilled memorandum bearing the date of the day previous and read as follows:

"Thorndyke—Start the ball rolling to-morrow morning. See Jack Chelsea, who has a block of 10,000 shares. Arrange for their delivery C.O.D. at City Bank at best figure you can get. After you corral all you can get on the quiet begin buying on the floor. Phillips."

"This would be a first-class tip if I only knew the name of the stock Thorndyke is commissioned to buy in such quantities, which seems to indicate a coming boom in it, or who Thorndyke is," thought Eddie. "I ought to be able to get a line on this thing somehow. Thorndyke is evidently a broker, and no doubt Mr. Fox knows him. It is my duty to discover his identity so that I can return his pocketbook."

The other papers were apparently unimportant memoranda all addressed to Thorndyke, but there was nothing in the wallet to show where his office was, or give a better clue to his identity. As Mr. Fox was not in, Eddie decided that he couldn't do anything till he saw him. In a few minutes Mr. Peabody sent him to a stationer on Broad Street. When he returned he found a stout man sitting in the waiting-room.

"Are you Eddie Rand?" he inquired in a bluff tone.

"That's my name, sir."

"I lost my pocketbook in the Edison Building an hour ago. I have been told that you were there at the time and picked it up."

"Who told you—Mr. Barclay?"

That was the name of the broker who accosted Eddie at the time he picked the wallet up.

"No," snapped the man. "Hand it over please."

"What's your name, sir?"

"My name is Thorndyke. There was \$100 in bills and some papers in the pocketbook. I hope you are satisfied?" in a sarcastic tone.

"The wallet seems to be yours; but you have made one mistake in your description," said Eddie.

"What was that?" sneered the broker.

"There happened to be no money in the wallet."

"You little liar!" cried Thorndyke hotly. "There was \$100 in it—five twenties. You want to steal my money, don't you? Hand over my pocketbook and those bills at once, d'ye hear? I intended to give you \$5, but I shan't give you a cent now."

"Here's your pocketbook," replied Eddie coldly. "As for the bills you have mentioned, I don't know anything about them. There was no money in the wallet when I picked it up."

Mr. Thorndyke snatched the pocketbook away from him, opened it hastily, and then turned furiously on the boy.

"Give me my money, you little rascal?" he cried, grabbing Eddie by the arm.

"I haven't got your money," replied the messenger, stoutly.

"I say you have, and if you don't give it up to me I'll turn you over to an officer."

CHAPTER IX.—Eddie Is Exonerated.

The cashier, hearing the loud talking in the reception-room, looked out to see what the trouble was. Fortunately for Eddie Mr. Fox came in at that moment and was rather astonished at the state of things.

"What's the matter, Mr. Thorndyke?" he said. "What has Eddie done?"

The broker let go of Eddie and started in to explain.

"I lost my pocketbook containing some papers and \$100 in bills. A note was sent to my office saying that the writer had seen me drop the wallet and your boy pick it up and put it in his pocket. I came here and told your boy that I had been informed that he had found my property. He admitted that he had, and asked me to describe it, which I did. He then handed it to me, but the money wasn't in it. He evidently took it out intending to keep it."

"Eddie, let me hear your side of the story," said his employer.

The boy told him the particulars.

"You say that Mr. Barclay saw you pick that book up, and that you opened it in his presence, and that both of you saw that there was no money in it?"

"Yes, sir."

"There, you hear, Mr. Thorndyke. If you doubt my boy's word hadn't you better call on Mr. Barclay and hear what he has to say?"

Mr. Thorndyke seemed a bit nonplussed.

"I don't see where that money could have gone to," he blurted, clearly not satisfied.

"It is evident that Eddie has no knowledge of it," replied Mr. Fox. "Who was this person who sent you word that he saw my messenger pick your wallet up and put it in his pocket. The two stories do not seem to agree."

"I have the note with me," said Mr. Thorndyke, producing an envelope from which he took an enclosure written in lead pencil.

"Did you notice any one else in the corridor at the time, Eddie, besides yourself and Mr. Barclay?"

"No, sir. We were alone."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Barclay will tell you the same. The only person I saw on the floor was Packy Gulick, a postal messenger, and he was standing near the elevator in the adjoining corridor, and he couldn't see what happened around the corner."

"This is a mighty singular affair," said Mr. Fox, taking the communication that Mr. Thorndyke had received and looking at it. "Seems like a boy's handwriting, and pretty bad at that. Was that pocketbook in your hand, or in your pocket, when you reached the elevator, Eddie?"

"In my hand, sir."

"Then the boy Gulick could have seen it?"

"I suppose so, sir, if he took notice."

"Do you know this Gulick?"

"I know him like I know half a hundred other messengers—by sight and name, sir."

"Have you given him any cause to be down on you?"

"Well, sir, he deliberately tripped me up on New Street last week and I punched him for it."

"Hum! I think the Gulick boy is at the bottom of this matter, Mr. Thorndyke. Take my word

for it he found the pocketbook first, took out the money and then threw it down on the floor again. When he saw the wallet in Eddie's hand the idea occurred that the pocketbook was yours unless he had it in his hands and saw to whom it belonged? If I was you, sir, I'd go to the Postal Telegraph Building, see the manager of the messengers, tell him your suspicions, and have the boy searched before he gets rid of the bills. If you don't find your money in his pocket I'll eat my head. I'll go with you if you like, for I value my boy's reputation as much as he does himself, and I won't stand to have him wronged."

The old broker expressed his convictions right from the shoulder, and Mr. Thorndyke began to see things in a different light. He agreed to investigate the matter on the lines suggested, and said he would be glad to have Mr. Fox accompany him. The two gentlemen went at once to the Postal Telegraph Building, and placed the matter before the young man who had charge of the messengers. It happened that Gulick was in. He was called into a room and asked if he wrote the letter in question. He immediately denied it.

"Let me have a specimen of your handwriting," said the manager.

Gulick, with evident reluctance, supplied a sample of his chirography. It was compared with the letter, and the similarity was close enough to cause a grave suspicion as to his veracity.

"You were sent to the Edison Building with a message about the time in question, Gulick," said the manager, severely. "You had to deliver it on the same floor where this gentleman dropped his wallet. Now, did you or did you not find that wallet?"

"I don't know nothin' about any wallet," answered Gulick.

"How much money is in your pockets?"

"I ain't got no money."

"Then you can't have any objection if I search you."

"You ain't got no right to search me," objected Gulick.

Nevertheless in spite of his protests he was subjected to a search, and from one of his pockets was produced five \$20 bills.

"It seems to me that you have money, and a large sum at that—quite out of proportion to what might be expected. Are these your bills, sir?" turning to Broker Thorndyke.

"They look like it. I had five twenties in my pocketbook."

"Give me a receipt for this money, with your business address, and I'll turn it over to you."

This formality was complied with and the two brokers departed.

"I think you owe my boy an apology, Mr. Thorndyke," said Mr. Fox.

"I am ready to go back and make it," replied the other, feeling a bit sheepish.

"Never mind. I'll tell Eddie that you retract all you said against him, and that will answer just as well."

The two brokers parted at New Street, Mr. Fox returning to his office. He called Eddie into his room and told him the result of the investigation.

"I'm glad it's settled satisfactorily, sir," replied the boy. "Mr. Thorndyke handled me without gloves, and would have had me arrested if you hadn't come in at the right time. He was so

savage over the loss of the money that I thought he'd snap my head off."

Next day Eddie learned that Packy Gulick had lost his job with the Postal Telegraph Company.

CHAPTER X.—Eddie's Red-Letter Day.

The excitement attending the lost money incident drove all thoughts of the rather indefinite pointer he had acquired through the temporary possession of Mr. Thorndyke's pocketbook from Eddie's mind for the time being. It recurred to him, however, that night after he had got into bed, and he made up his mind that the matter was well worth following up. Accordingly next day, when he had occasion to visit the Exchange he looked around the floor for the stout broker. He saw him standing by the L. & O. standard, with his hat tilted on the back of his head, pencil and pad in his hand. Generally there would be an exchange of memoranda between him and some other man, and he would then make an entry in a small book. Before Eddie left he was satisfied that Broker Thorndyke was loading up with L. & O.

"It seemed like he is buying for some syndicate, and that L. & O. is the stock that is going to be boomed in a few days."

On his return to the office Eddie looked up the tape and saw that a dozen or more sales of L. & O. were recorded at 43 and ascending fractions. When he returned to the Exchange at two o'clock Mr. Thorndyke was still buying L. & O. whenever it was offered to him, and that the latest figures on the big board showed that the stock was going at 43 1-8. Eddie pondered over the situation. If he went in at all he wanted to plunge for all he was worth. This was his way of doing business when he thought he had a good thing in sight.

"I can put up margin enough to cover a thousand shares," he mused. "If that stock booms fifteen points I'll make a stake worth while."

After consulting the ticker again he decided to go in on the ground floor, as he called it. After leaving the office about half-past three Eddie went to his safe-deposit box and took out nearly all of his money. He carried it around to the bank in Nassau Street, and going to the margin clerk's window he said he wanted the bank to buy 1,000 shares of L. & O. for his account at the market price, which had closed at 44.

The clerk counted the money he offered for the margin and found it all right. A memorandum of the transaction was made out and handed to him, and the deal was on. Although Eddie had good grounds for believing that he had made a safe investment, so far as a Wall Street speculation when apparently backed by inside information can be considered safe, nevertheless he went home feeling quite nervous as to the outcome of the venture, for about every dollar he owned in the world was now involved in the enterprise. His mother and sister noticed his preoccupied manner at the supper table, and asked him if anything had gone wrong at the office that day.

"No, mother. Nothing has gone wrong that I know of"

"But you act as if you had something on your mind."

"There's always something on my mind of more or less importance," he laughed.

"But something out of the common is occupying your thoughts to-night."

"Maybe he's thinking about proposing marriage to Emily Melville," giggled his sister. "I know he thinks she's sweeter than chocolate creams."

"Maybe you're yearning for somebody—Dick Story, for instance—to propose to you."

"Why, the idea of such a ridiculous thing!" exclaimed Nellie Rand, flushing up.

"What are you blushing about, Sis?" chuckled her brother.

"Me? I'm not blushing."

"Aren't you? I'll leave it to mother if you are not giving a pretty good imitation, then."

"Aren't you just horrid, Eddie Rand!"

"Now, Eddie, don't tease your sister," said the little mother.

"All right, mother. I've got nothing more to say, except that Dick Story told me he was going to call on Nellie to-night."

"Mother, you'll have to do the dishes yourself to-night, as I'll have to go and make myself presentable if I'm going to have a visitor," said Nellie, jumping up and starting for her room.

Eddie laughed at her haste, and then volunteered to assist in clearing off the table and helping with the dishes.

Next day L. & O. shares continued to be largely dealt in and the price advanced nearly a point. Three days, however, went by before any special attention was attracted to the stock, and then a rumor went the rounds of the Street that the L. & O. road had entered into some pooling arrangement with two other big lines that would do away with certain tactics that had been carried on by the three roads in their anxiety to get as much patronage as they could away from their rivals, and would add largely to the general prosperity of the companies interested.

Whether this report was true or not, it had the effect of boosting the price of the stock of the roads in question, and L. & O. went up to 48. Two days passed, during which L. & O. went up another point, the rumor in question was officially denied; but another rumor was circulated, to wit: that the L. & O. road had got control of the stock of its most successful rival, and the two lines would hereafter run under a joint arrangement particularly beneficial to the L. & O. road. This report brought out a rush of buying orders for that stock, and then it developed that the stock was unusually scarce.

Spirited bidding sent the price of the shares to 52, which was the highest point it went to that day.

Next morning the startling news was received at the office that Mr. Fox had died suddenly in his apartments the night before. As soon as the intelligence was verified the office was closed, Mr. Peabody and Eddie alone remaining to attend to certain matters that could not be neglected. It didn't take long for the news to circulate through the Street, for a paragraph announcing Mr. Fox's decease appeared in the earlier editions of the afternoon papers. After the funeral, three days later, a nephew of the old gentleman turned up as heir and came down to look after the business.

In the meantime L. & O. had been the cause of much excitement on the Exchange and the price had advanced to 65. Eddie concluded to sell out at that figure and gave his order to that effect. His profits on the deal amounted to something over \$20,000, at least \$5,000 more than he expected to make, and he felt proportionately happy.

When he went home that afternoon he told his mother that he was now worth, in good money, \$25,000. She was naturally amazed at this statement, for he had not confided either to her or his sister, or even to Dick Story, the fact that he was in on another deal in the market. She supposed that the money he had made out of his two speculative ventures, of which she still had the greater part of the \$500 he had presented her with, was about all the money he would make for a good while. In fact, she had hardly yet ceased to wonder how he had been so fortunate as to accumulate that much.

Now she was fairly dumbfounded when he explained matters—how on the strength of what he believed to be a first-class tip he had risked every dollar of his little capital and had thereby multiplied his resources more than four times over. She began to understand now all she had read about fortunes being so easily made in Wall Street—stories that had seemed like fairy tales, and which she had been inclined to accept with a grain of salt, as the saying is. If her eighteen-year-old boy, with hardly three years' experience in the financial district as simply a messenger, could make \$25,000 in scarcely any time at all by his incipient shrewdness, then it was easy to conceive how men who had spent all their business lives in Wall Street, who had lots of money at their command, could make their millions.

Naturally she was very proud of her bright, clever boy. In her mind's eye she pictured him as a coming millionaire. And from that day nothing he might do would have astonished her.

Eddie called regularly on Emily Melville, at least once a week, and she had got into the habit of expecting him on a Wednesday night, and would put on her best gown in anticipation of his visit. The day that he got his check and statement from the bank happened to be Wednesday, and after supper he spruced up and made his usual call on her. She remarked his unusual good spirits, and asked him the cause of it. He held off an explanation until he had got her curiosity all worked up, and then he told her about his good fortune.

"What a lucky boy you are, Eddie," she said, in a pleased tone. "And you deserve all that fortune showers on you. Mother will be very glad to hear about it. You were very good to us when we needed a friend, and we shall always rejoice in your prosperity."

"Which I hope you will share with me some day, Emily," said Eddie, with uncommon boldness, for his gameness extended even to the sentimental side of his nature.

Emily was taken by surprise and blushed to the roots of her hair. Eddie having taken the plunge, he was determined to bring the matter to an issue.

He proceeded to tell her how much he had learned to think of her; that she was the sweetest girl in all the world, in his opinion; that he

was going to make money and a reputation for himself for her dear sake; and that he hoped she would encourage him to believe that she thought as much of him as he did of her, and would be willing to marry him as soon after he had cast his first vote as circumstances would permit.

Eddie was certainly a hustler in love as he was in finance, and he proved to be equally successful at Cupid's game, for he won a satisfactory acknowledgment from Emily, and her sacred promise to be true to him till death did them part. When half-past ten came around, and he took his leave, he was quite satisfied that this day was a red-letter one in his calendar, and he had no fault to find with the way the world was using him.

CHAPTER XI.—Eddie Rents An Office.

Under the management of Mr. Willard Fox, the later Mr. Fox's nephew, things began to take on a different aspect at the office. The first thing he did was to get rid of Miss De Quincy and hire a dashing, young, blonde stenographer that he got from a school. Then he decided that Mr. Peabody was altogether too ancient for the position of cashier and shipped him with little consideration. This act disgusted Eddie with his new boss, and he decided to look out for another place.

On the following Monday he unexpectedly had a run-in with Mr. Fox over a small matter that he wasn't really to blame for, and after the new head of the house had talked to him like a Dutch uncle Eddie got his back up and said he'd quit then and there. Mr. Fox told him he could go to the tropics, or some other warm climate, as soon as he pleased, for the woods were full of good boys who would make good messengers at much less wages than Eddie was getting, owing to the liberality of his late employer.

Under these circumstances the boy found himself out of a position. However, he didn't care. Presently the idea occurred to him that it wouldn't be such a bad plan for him to hire an office himself and make his living out of the stock market on his own hook, even if he was a boy. That day he saw an expressman taking the furniture out of an office. The janitor was in the room at the time, and he asked him what the rent of the office was.

"What do you want to know for?" asked the man, gruffly.

"Isn't the office for rent?" asked Eddie.

"Of course it's for rent. Do you know anyone that wants it?"

"Tell me what you want for it, then."

The janitor looked at him a moment and finally told him. Eddie looked the room over well and the small adjoining private office.

"I'll take it up to the first of May, with the privilege for another year at the same price, and I'll pay you a deposit on it inside of fifteen minutes."

"Indeed?" sniffed the man. "We don't rent offices to boys."

"Don't you?"

"No, we don't. Get out of here."

"You're polite, I don't think," replied Eddie, in a tone of disgust.

The janitor walked up to him, took him by the

shoulders and shoved him out into the corridor.

"Git!" he said.

Eddie walked to the elevator.

"Who has the renting of the offices in this building?" he asked the man as he rode down.

"The agent rents them, so does the janitor," was the answer.

"Where is the agent's office?"

"Second floor, back. Want to see him?" asked the man, stopping the cage at that floor.

"Yes."

Eddie walked down to the end of the corridor where a frosted-glass window announced that Thomas Brown was the agent. The boy walked in.

"Can I see Mr. Brown?" he asked of a small office boy.

"Yep. Walk right into that room."

Eddie walked in and saw a smoothly shaven man seated at a desk.

"What can I do for you, young man?" he asked, looking up.

"You've a small suite on the sixth floor to rent, I believe," said Eddie. "The late tenant seems to be moving out."

"Yes."

"I want to hire it till the first of May, with privilege of renewal."

"For whom?"

"Myself."

"We don't rent offices to minors."

"I can guarantee the rent for the full term."

"What's your name, and what do you want the office for?" asked the agent, with some curiosity.

"My name is Eddie Rand. I want the office to do business in."

"What kind of business?"

"Stock broker," hazarded Eddie.

"Do you mean to say that you're a stock broker?" gasped the agent.

"No. Not yet. But I expect to be."

"Oh, you do?" grinned the agent. "Can you afford to pay (mentioning the rent of the office) for the privilege of learning the business?"

"I've been three years in the Street already."

"In what capacity, and with whom?"

"As messenger boy for the late John Fox."

"Oh, you're the boy that figured in that fake bomb affair or which Harper Grinnell was sent up the river for three years, are you?" with a little more respect in his tone.

"Yes, sir."

"Upon my word, I've half a mind to let you have it. Can you furnish a satisfactory reference?"

"I can. But what do you want it for if I pay you spot cash for the rooms up to May first?"

"Can you do that?"

"I can."

"All right. You can have the office; but I must have a reference as a matter of form. Who do you offer?"

"Mr. Bradshaw, of Bradshaw, Grigsby & Co., Astor Building."

The agent wrote it down.

"Are you prepared to pay a deposit now?"

"I want fifteen minutes to get the money. How much do you want?"

"Fifty dollars will do."

"All right. Make out the lease and I'll bring

you the \$50. I'll pay the balance to-morrow, or any time you state."

"I shall want it to-morrow when you sign the paper."

"All right, sir," and Eddie left to go to the safe-deposit vaults.

He was back with the fifty within the specified time, and received a receipt for the money on account of six months' rent. The janitor was just about to lock the office up when Eddie walked up to him.

"I want to go in, please," said Eddie, in a businesslike tone.

The man fairly gasped at what he took to be his impudence. Then he grabbed Eddie and ran him clear to the elevator in spite of his protests, threw him into the first cage that came down and told the man to fire him out of the building. Eddie was mad as a hornet. He went at once to the agent and entered a complaint against the janitor. Mr. Brown came out into the main corridor with him and met the janitor, who had come down by another elevator.

"What's the matter with you, McManus?" he asked. "Don't you know any better than to hand out rough-house treatment to a new tenant of the building?"

"What's that?" asked the janitor, fairly staggered by the agent's words.

"This young man has rented Room 92. Take him up with you and allow him to get the measurements he wants."

"So the agent rented you the rooms, eh?" he snarled, as soon as Mr. Brown was out of hearing.

"He did."

"You're not going to occupy that office yourself, are you?"

"That's what I am," replied the boy.

"What business?"

"Do you ask every new tenant that question?"

"What's that to you?"

"This much, that I don't think it concerns you at all what my business is."

McManus gave him a furious look and followed him into one of the elevators.

CHAPTER XII.—Eddie Makes the Acquaintance of Mr. Kidder and Gets His First Order.

Eddie signed the lease for his office next day, paid six months' rent for same, and took possession. He furnished the place up to suit his own ideas, and had his name lettered on the glass of the upper half of the door, to which he added the words "Stocks and Bonds" as a matter of form more than anything else, for he expected to confine himself to operating entirely on his own hook for the present.

A curb broker by the name of Matt Kidder had an office next door and he noticed the new sign right away. Kidder always welcomed the advent of foreign brokers, as he called them, as he figured them as fair game to practice on before they had got accustomed to their new stamping grounds. So he took the first chance that presented itself to make the acquaintance of his neighbor. Knocking at the door on the second morning after Eddie had taken possession of the office, and receiving permission in a boyish voice

to enter, he walked in. Taking Eddie for the office boy, he asked him if Mr. Rand was in.

"That's my name," said Eddie.

"You're not the tenant of this office surely?" gasped the curb broker.

"As I've paid six months' rent on it, and fitted it up, I'm under the impression that I'm the occupant."

Kidder sat down, took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead. Then he looked at Eddie as if the boy was some new kind of animal he had never seen before. After a moment the idea occurred to him that this was some boy who had been working in the Street, had come into a fat legacy which had turned his head, and had set up for himself under the idea that he could make money in the stock market. He absolutely grinned as he sized Eddie up as a fat snap to be worked for all he was worth.

"I must take advantage of this good thing before other brokers get on to it," he chuckled to himself. "Why, this boy will be just meat for me. I'll assume a fatherly interest in him, and under that cover clean him out down to his underclothes. This is the richest thing I ever struck."

"My young friend," began Kidder, in a persuasive and friendly way, "I trust we shall be good friends. My office is next door, and I hope you will call on me frequently if you stand in need of advice. I always take a great interest in young men starting out on a business career, and try to help them to the best of my ability."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you haven't told me your name."

"My name is Kidder—Matt Kidder."

"Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Kidder. Are you a member of the Exchange?"

"Hem! No. I operate on the Curb. As I was saying, you will have to be wary whom you trust. Now, as you are a neighbor of mine, I will so far put myself out as to offer you the benefit of my experience. I take a great interest in you, young man; a very great interest, indeed. Your inexperience appeals to me. I should like to be of service to you. I should like to throw a kind of protecting mantle about you, to shield you from the sharks who will hunger for your little capital. You can trust me, young man. If I possess one weakness that dominates my nature it is that I yearn to assist the young man who is branching out for himself."

"I appreciate your kind intentions, Mr. Kidder, and will perhaps avail myself of your generous offer," replied Eddie, politely.

"Do so, by all means," said Mr. Kidder, rising. "By the way, are you taking any interest in mining stocks? If you are, I can put you in the way of a very good thing. I have just got hold of some shares of a new mine called the Sure Thing. I can assure you that it's a winner. If you would like a small block, say 10,000 shares, I can let you in on the ground floor."

"Thank you, Mr. Kidder; I will consider your offer."

"You will have to speak quick, for the price is slated for an advance inside of this week. I advise you not to let the chance get away from you. Drop into my office by and by and I'll show you the certificates and prospectus."

The curb broker then took his leave. Soon afterward Mr. Bradshaw, of Bradshaw, Grigsby & Co., came in to see Eddie and his office.

Broker Bradshaw thought very highly of the boy, though he did not exactly approve of his starting out for himself. However, as long as Eddie had done so he felt inclined to help him along.

"So this is your den, Eddie? Quite a handsome little office you have here."

"Sit down, Mr. Bradshaw. I'm glad to see you."

"I came here to give you a small commission as a kind of starter."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," replied Eddie, gratefully. "Small favors are thankfully accepted in this office."

"I think I will be able to see my way to giving you a lift occasionally if you prove as smart as I think you are. Very often it is necessary for me to secure a stock as quietly as I can. To do this effectually I have to operate through brokers who are in no way identified with me. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"It struck me that, you being a bright boy, with a pretty good knowledge of the Street, that you could often pick up what I want in a way that would prevent all chance of the destination of the shares being traced, for I know I can thoroughly trust you."

"You can, sir."

"Now, to see what you can do in that way, I want you to go around to the brokers and see if you can find me, say, 15,000 shares of M. & N. by to-morrow at eleven, or not later than noon. Have the shares delivered C. O. D. at the Manhattan National, where I have made arrangements to that effect. Do you think you can fill this order?"

"I can, sir, if the stock is to be got."

"Very well. Send your statement to me after you have filled the order and I will send you our check for your commission."

Eddie was thoroughly delighted, for this one order alone would pay several years' salary as a messenger.

"That will be all," said the broker, rising.

"One moment, Mr. Bradshaw. Do you know a curb broker by the name of Kidder?"

"I do. I see his office is next door to yours."

"He was in here a moment ago and exhibited an unusual interest in me. He volunteered to give me the benefit of his advice, and to steer me clear of the sharks of Wall Street."

"Did he say that?" said Mr. Bradshaw, biting his mustache.

"He did. He seems very anxious to be of service to me."

"What do you think of him yourself?"

"I think he'll bear watching. If I'm not mistaken, it's my capital more than myself that he's interested in."

"You may depend that it is, Eddie. Kidder is a scaly individual, and his reputation is not one of the best. Avoid him, or he'll trap you if he can. He's always on the lookout for easy marks, and no doubt he thinks you are one."

With these words Mr. Bradshaw took his departure, while Eddie put on his hat, and after making an entry of the order, his first one, in his book, he started out to hunt up the 15,000 shares of M. & N.

CHAPTER XIII.—Eddie Sets A Little Trap Himself.

Eddie filled Mr. Bradshaw's order before noon next day and then returned to his office to make out and mail his statement to Bradshaw, Grigsby & Co., according to directions.

"After that I think I can afford to hire an office boy," he said to himself. "I ought to have one, anyway, if only for a bluff."

When he reached the corridor of the sixth floor he saw some one knocking at his door. He hurried on and recognized the familiar figure of Dick Story.

"Hello, Dick, is that you?"

"Hello, Eddie, I came up to see you," said Dick. "I want to see what kind of a sheep-shearing den you have, anyway."

"Walk right in and examine the surroundings," said Eddie, unlocking the door and throwing it open.

"Say, this is all to the good, old man. Are you all alone here?"

"That's what I am."

"You ought to have an office boy to hold the fort when you're out."

"I'm going to get one. Do you want the job?"

"What'll you pay?" grinned Dick.

"Six dollars."

"I'm afraid you can't hire me."

"I didn't suppose I could; for I can't afford such an expensive article as yourself. It's a sinecure, anyway. Nothing to do and plenty of time to do it in."

"I thought you'd have a pretty stenographer at least," chuckled Dick. "That's one of the reasons why I came up."

"If I hire a stenographer any time she'll be a homely one."

"What for?"

"Because they can't catch on as easily as pretty ones, and I have a natural sympathy for them."

"You'd advertise specially for a homely one, would you?"

"No, I'll advertise for a smart girl, and then pick out the plainest that turned up if she filled the bill."

"I think you're just giving me a stand-up. You like pretty girls all right, for you're dead stuck on Miss Melville."

"You seem to know all about it," replied Eddie, with a flush.

"Sure I do," answered Dick, with a positive nod of his head.

"Where do you get your information from?"

"From your sister. She's got you down fine."

"I'll have to pull her over the coals for telling tales out of school."

"Oh, here, I say; don't tell her I told you that. I promised her that I wouldn't mention it to you."

"Why didn't you keep your word, then?"

"It kind of slipped out."

"You're as bad as a girl. You can't keep anything to yourself. I won't give you away to Sis. If I did she'd go for your scalp, and you haven't got any too much hair on the top of your head now."

"I've got as much as you have, bet your life."

"You've got a fine office here, but I think you have an awful nerve to start out as a broker. Do you expect to catch any customers?"

"I've had one already who threw nearly \$2,000 in commissions my way, and I earned it inside of twenty-four hours."

"The dickens you say! Why, you'll soon be a millionaire at this rate," said Dick, enviously.

"You don't object, do you?"

"Me? No, I only wish I was in your shoes."

"My shoes wouldn't fit you," laughed Eddie. "Maybe I'll take you in as partner one of these days."

"I'd like to go in with you, only I haven't any money, and no prospects of getting any."

"Where's that \$50 you found, and the \$70 I helped you to make?"

"In a savings bank with \$10 more on top of it. But what's that? It doesn't amount to shucks."

"It's better than nothing. Perhaps I'll see a chance to help you double it."

"I wish you would. But I've got to go. Mr. Davis will pull my whiskers for staying out so long. That is, if he's in the office when I get back."

"Well, come up when you can."

"I will," and Dick faded through the doorway.

A little while afterward Mr. Kidder came in with a prospectus and other printed matter concerning "The Sure Thing Milling and Mining Company," of Paradise, Nevada. He proceeded to call Eddie's attention to the advantages that lay in store for all who were so fortunate as to buy shares of "The Sure Thing" at the rock-bottom figure at which it was now being offered. Then he produced two certificates for 5,000 shares each.

"You can buy them to-day for five cents a share. It's like finding money."

Eddie, however, wasn't biting that day, and declined to buy the certificates. Kidder was disappointed, but was careful to hide his feelings.

"You haven't any D. & G. shares, have you?" asked Eddie, after a moment or two, with a bland and childlike expression.

"What do you want D. & G. for?" asked Mr. Kidder, curiously.

This stock had been kind of wobbly of late, with a downward tendency. Eddie, however, had got a tip from Mr. Bradshaw to buy the stock, as a combination had been formed to boom it, and was on the point of going out to get the necessary funds to put up on 3,000 shares at the ruling price, which was 72, when Mr. Kidder came into his office. After his visitor had failed to work off "The Sure Thing" certificates on him, Eddie thought he'd see if he couldn't entice Kidder into a little trap himself.

Possessing inside information as to what was going to happen to D. & G., and believing that Kidder would be guided by the present aspect of the market, he thought he'd see if the curb broker would bite at an offer he intended to bait his trap with. In answer to Kidder's question, he remarked that he believed that D. & G. was a good stock to buy just then, as he was sure it would go up within ten days.

Now Kidder, judging from the tendency of the market, believed, like a majority of the traders, that D. & G. would go down rather than up. So he said:

"Do you want to buy some D. & G. shares?"

"Yes, but I won't have the money to pay for them for ten days. Would you sell me an option on 1,000 shares at ten days? It's going at 72 at present. What would you charge me?"

"I don't make a practice of dealing in options, as it's too risky; but, to oblige you, I'll sell you one per cent. of that amount for holding the shares ten days subject to your order, but I must have some guarantee that you will take the shares off my hands within the stipulated time, or else you will have to put up a ten per cent. margin as an evidence of good faith."

"The latter will be the best," replied Eddie. "I'll deposit \$7,500 with you, which, after deducting \$750 for the use of your money, is to be credited on the payment for the stock. If I should fail to take the shares within ten days you are to retain the entire sum."

Kidder immediately agreed to this, believing that he could not make that amount in an easier way, for in his opinion D. & G. would go below 70 and stay there for some little time to come. Of course he did not intend to buy the shares and hold them, for he was satisfied that if called upon to deliver the shares within the ten-day period he could buy cheaper than 72. He expected to make at least \$5,000, if not the whole \$7,500, out of Eddie. But that was because he wasn't gifted with second sight.

"All right," said Eddie. "Write out a paper to that effect and have it ready by the time I return with the money."

Kidder got up and went into his office rubbing his hands gleefully, while the boy started for his safe-deposit vault. Before returning to the building he went to the bank on Nassau Street and put up the necessary margin on 2,000 shares of D. & G. at the market price.

Then he carried 7,500 back with him and paid it over to Kidder, receiving from him a memorandum by which he engaged to deliver 1,000 shares of D. & G. to Eddie any time within ten days for \$75,000. That afternoon D. & G. closed at 71 7-8, and Mr. Kidder smacked his lips as he thought of the \$7,500 he had deposited in the bank.

"It's as good as mine already," he chuckled. "That Rand boy is surely an easy mark—much easier even than I figured on."

Eddie also noted the slight decline in the stock and grinned. He was thinking what the price would be a week from that day.

CHAPTER XIV.—In Which Eddie Traps the Broker.

Next morning Eddie was surprised to see a paragraph in the morning paper announcing the fact that Harper Grinnell, the broker who had figured in the fake bomb incident at the late Mr. Fox's office, had, through some political pull, been pardoned by the governor of the State and restored to citizenship.

"It seems easy to get out of a scrape these days if you have friends who know how to pull the wires for you," thought the boy. "He's only served about seven months of his sentence. Another man would have had to put in his whole

term, and would have lost all his rights. This is a great country."

That day D. & G. recovered the one-eighth of a point it had lost and went another eight better.

"I wonder how Mr. Kidder likes that," chuckled Eddie, as he sat in his office after the close of the Exchange.

Eddie had had nothing to do all day in the way of business, and had put in a good part of the time in the Visitors' Gallery at the Exchange. He didn't suppose anyone had called to see him while he was out, and he didn't care much whether anybody had or not. He was enjoying the luxury of an easy time after his three years of strenuous work in the Street. At that moment the letter carrier opened his door and handed in a letter. Eddie opened it and found that it contained a check for \$1,870 from Bradshaw, Grigsby & Co. in payment for commission due the boy for buying the 15,000 shares of M. & N. stock.

"That looks pretty good for a starter," mused Eddie, putting the check in his pocket. "I think I'll advertise for an office boy, and then put a standing advertisement in the financial papers notifying the general public that I am prepared to buy and sell stocks on the usual commission basis. I might be able to scare up a little business to keep me from growing rusty. Mr. Bradshaw said he'd divide commissions with me on any business I threw his way. Yes, I'll do that. I might as well try and get a start now as later on. I thought I'd be satisfied to play the market on my own hook, but time hangs slow on my hands."

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," called the boy.

To his surprise, in walked Mr. Peabody.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Peabody," said Eddie, getting up and shaking hands with the old ex-cashier. "Take a seat."

He and Mr. Peabody had always been excellent friends, but Eddie had hardly expected to see him again after the old man had been dispensed with at Fox's.

"You seem to have gone into business for yourself," said Mr. Peabody with an indulgent smile. "How came you to leave your position?"

"Mr. Willard Fox and I didn't pull very well together," replied Eddie, "and I quit him. I didn't like the way he treated you. It wasn't a fair deal. After your thirty-six years' of faithful service under his uncle he should have had some consideration for you."

"I'm afraid people think I'm a back number," replied the old man, with a sigh. "However, it doesn't matter. I've saved up a little competence which will support me for the rest of my life, so I won't be thrown on the world."

"I'm very glad to hear that, Mr. Peabody."

"The only thing that worries me is lack of employment," said the old cashier. "I've been so long in harness that it has become second nature with me to come to my desk every day and attend to business. Since Mr. Fox let me go I've tried to get another position, but nobody wants an old white-headed man around, and so I suppose I must retire from active work, though I do it much against my will. Why, I offered to take anything in the way of clerical work, even at a salary as low as \$10, but it was no go. I felt, however, that I must come to Wall Street every

day if only to look on. Perhaps you wouldn't mind if I came here, Eddie. I'd provide myself with a desk just to pretend that I am busy, and if my advice and assistance would be of any use to you in return they would be entirely at your service."

"You are welcome to make my office your headquarters, Mr. Peabody. I was just about to advertise for an office boy to attend to any stray visitor who chanced to call when I'm out."

"Don't advertise. I'll act as your office boy, bookkeeper, or in any other capacity for you in exchange for desk room," smiled the old man with a kind of pathetic earnestness.

"All right, Mr. Peabody, if you really think that you would like to stay here with me. I'll let you have a dollar a day for your expenses, and when I get some business I'll pay you for attending to it."

"I don't want a cent, Eddie. You are doing me a favor by letting me come here. It will be a pleasure to serve you."

Eddie, however, wouldn't have it that way. He insisted on paying the old gentleman \$6 a week, and Mr. Peabody reluctantly acceded to his wishes.

"I'll order a desk sent here for you this afternoon," said Eddie, "and it will be ready for you to-morrow morning. You may come any time after ten. I don't get here much before that."

The old gentleman seemed much brighter after the interview, and went away promising to appear in the morning, while Eddie went out to buy the desk and put his advertisement in several of the Wall Street publications. He was greatly pleased to have Mr. Peabody with him, for he knew that the old cashier was acquainted with the ins and outs of Wall Street from A. to Z, and consequently would be of great assistance to him. For a couple of days D. & G. remained about stationary, and Kidder was greatly disappointed to find that it did not go below 70, as he had anticipated that it would.

Eddie watched it like a hawk eager to catch the first real rise. It is true that in making the deal with his neighbor he had practically sacrificed about \$3,750, but he was willing to lose that for the satisfaction of getting the best of the trader, who, he was sure, was aiming to do him up. Of course he risked the possibility that Mr. Kidder would save himself by buying in 1,000 shares of D. & G. before the stock reached 75, but he had an idea that the broker would not do that, for under ordinary circumstances 75 was a high figure for the shares to go to, but for the fact that a clique had taken it under its wing it would more likely have gone the other way.

Kidder, however, was not worrying himself about D. & G. Even if it went up a point or two, he believed there would be an immediate reaction that would send it down again. Satisfied as to what must be the outcome, he wondered if he couldn't take something more out of Eddie on the strength of it. So he called upon the lad and told him he'd like to sell him another thousand shares at the same figure. Eddie, however, couldn't see it. He said that he had all he wanted. While they were talking the ticker began to play a lively tune. Mr. Peabody was looking at it at the time. Eddie had told him that he was interested in a rise of D. & G., and the old

gentleman noticed that the stock had suddenly begun to go up at a rapid rate.

He noted down the quotations as they appeared on the tape, and his experience told him that there must be a boom on for some cause that only those manipulating the stock on the Exchange understood. As Eddie made no effort to look at the ticker himself, being engaged with Mr. Kidder in his little private room, Mr. Peabody thought he'd carry the news to him.

So he knocked at the door, and, being told to come in, he handed the penciled figures to the young trader. Eddie glanced over them and saw that within a short interval D. & G. had advanced from 72 5-8 to 75 1-8. That looked like business, and he chuckled to himself. He tossed the slip into his basket and went on talking with Kidder, who, having failed to sell the boy more D. & G., was trying to induce him to take the 10,000 shares of mining stock he had previously brought to his notice. Eddie, in order to hold his visitor's attention, appeared to be greatly interested in "The Sure Things" mine, but would not commit himself with regard to buying the stock.

At length Kidder got up and left the office just as Mr. Peabody appeared again with more quotations, showing that D. & G. was now going at 78. Mr. Kidder nearly had a fit when he looked at the tape in his own office and saw what was doing in D. & G. He clapped his hat on and rushed down to the street to find out what it all meant. Nobody could tell him the cause of the unexpected advance, but the general impression seemed to be that there was a boom on in the stock, and brokers were tumbling over one another to buy it. Before Kidder had decided what he would do the Exchange closed for the day, with D. & G. up to 80 3-8.

He was a pretty mad man when he came to size the situation up. It would cost him over \$80,000 now to buy those thousand shares he had contracted to deliver to Eddie at 75. The option had five more days to run, and it was the boy's privilege to demand the shares at any time or wait till the end of the time limit. It was possible the boom might go to pieces in the morning, and the price fall again, which would save Kidder from losing a matter of \$5,000, as well as the discomfiture of getting it in the neck from the boy.

But he was afraid to risk it from the way the market looked now, the chances being all in favor of a further rise. So he went around to see a member of the Exchange with whom he was on familiar terms, and asked him if he had any D. & G. shares on hand. The broker said he had, but he wanted 82 for them.

"That's one and five-eighths above the closing price," objected Kidder.

"I know it," replied his friend; "but the stock will open above 81 in the morning, I'm certain, and will go to 90 before the day is out, so I don't care whether I sell or not."

"Well, I won't give 82," replied Kidder. "I'll give you an order to buy me a thousand at the market in the morning."

"All right," said the broker, and he made a memorandum of the transaction.

The stock opened at 81 7-8, and before Kidder's friend could secure the thousand shares it was up to 82. So Kidder found himself \$7,000 out. He carried the shares around to Eddie as soon

as he got them, but the boy said he couldn't take them yet, as he didn't have the money.

"Are you going to make me carry them for you for four more days?" roared Kidder, in an angry tone.

"That's the agreement, isn't it?" asked Eddie, suavely. "You're charged me \$750 for that privilege."

"I'll return you your money if you'll take the shares right away at 75."

"I'd like to, but I can't pay for them."

"What sum will you take to call the whole thing off?" asked Kidder, mopping his brow.

Eddie went over to the ticker.

"D. & G. is going now at 85. It will be 90 before noon, and may go to par before to-morrow at three. I'll sell you my option for 88."

"You young robber!" he howled. "You've got me in a hole and you want to squeeze me to the limit. I'll hold the shares and stand my \$7,000 loss, but I'll get square with you, mark my words!"

"You're foolish," replied Eddie. "Better take up with my offer, and then you'll stand to clear the profit above 88. Otherwise if you hold on I'll make it myself."

"You young villain! You've had inside information about this boom, otherwise you'd never have been such a fool as to buy that option on a falling stock at a three-point advance."

"You were not obliged to sell it to me, Mr. Kidder," replied Eddie, coolly. "The fact is you took me for a greenhorn. You wouldn't have made such a deal with a regular broker, for you would have instantly suspected there was something behind it. But you thought I didn't know what I was doing. You see now that I did know."

Eddie, who was standing by the ticker with the tape in his hand, while addressing Kidder, now looked up at the latest records.

"D. & G. is now up to 87 1-2. I'll have to raise the ante another point. If you want the option you must pay me 89 for it now."

Kidder received this information with a deep imprecation, and shook his fist at the boy.

"You'd better speak quick, Mr. Kidder. I'll want 90 inside of ten minutes."

Kidder acted like a wild man for a few minutes. He hated to give in to the boy, and he liked to carry the stock for him on a rising market. But he had to do one thing or the other. In the one case he was already out \$7,000, or the difference between 75, what he was bound to deliver the stock for, and 82, what he had paid for it, less the \$750 he had charged for the option. In the other case he would be out the difference between 75 and 89, but would have the chance to recover a good portion of his loss if the price went to par, which under the outlook was not improbable.

Had he been cool and collected, instead of wildly excited, the chances were he would not have taken Eddie up, but would have seen the deal through, for he could not lose any more than he already was out; but Eddie's remark that the stock might go to par by next day, and the fact that he was assured that the boy had trapped him with inside information, caused him to fancy that he had better close the matter at once. So he agreed to Eddie's terms, writing a check for \$20,750, which included the boy's deposit, less \$750.

Then tearing his option into fragments, he rushed from the room, while Eddie, with a laugh, started for the bank in Nassau Street, to order his 2,000 shares, held on margin, to be sold at 90.

CHAPTER XV.—Trapping the Brokers.

D. & G. reached 96 inside of half an hour, and Eddie's shares were sold, netting him a profit of about \$35,250. Adding to this amount his capital of \$25,000, the money he had received for buying the M. & N. stock for Bradshaw, Grigsby & Co., and the amount he got from Mr. Kidder, he was now worth \$75,000. Eddie went to the Visitors' Gallery in the Exchange to watch the great excitement on the floor over the phenomenal rise in D. & G. It was up to 93 when he got there, and still ascending. Suddenly a broker threw 10,000 shares of the stock on the market. The clique that had been booming D. & G. had just finished unloading their holdings, and were counting their profits.

No one offered to take such a large block. That started an immediate decline and panic. D. & G. went to pieces at once as a howling mob of brokers began to try and dispose of the stock they had on hand. It dropped below 90 in no time, and slipped toward 80 as fast as it could go. Eddie wondered how Mr. Kidder would come out now. He found out next morning that his neighbor sold out at what he gave for the shares, and consequently lost what he had paid Eddie.

He came into the boy's office and said a few things to the boys that wouldn't look well in print, and swore that he would have satisfaction for his loss some day. After that Eddie didn't see him again for two weeks. Then Kidder bestowed a scowl on the young trader that spoke volumes. That afternoon Eddie ran against Harper Grinnell coming out of Kidder's office.

Grinnell's hair was short, and he was trying to grow a mustache. He paid no attention to the boy, though he must have recognized him. A day or so afterward Eddie saw Grinnell coming out of Kidder's office again. A few days later the sign on Kidder's office was changed to "Kidder & Grinnell."

Eddie was sorry to know that he had such a firm for neighbors. He had no doubt but that both men hated him, and would seek to do him up. It was about this time that the boy trader accidentally discovered that a combination had been formed to boom A. & W. shares. Taking advantage of the tip, he bought 15,000 shares of the stock at 44, on the usual margin, and inside of a week it had gone up to 56. He held on a while longer and finally sold out at 65, clearing \$100,000. In some way the news of his luck got out on the Street, and for a day or two brokers were continually dropping in to see the boy wonder, make his acquaintance and to congratulate him. They also tried to lay a few traps for the money, but Eddie sent them away with a flea in their ears. It was about a month after this that Eddie unexpectedly returned to his office one evening about eight o'clock to get a book he had bought for Emily Melville and had forgotten to take home with him. As he approached the door he noticed

a light burning in Kidder & Grinnell's office. It was the only office illuminated in the corridor, and the boy wondered if his neighbors were unusually busy. Eddie entered his own office and went into his private room, where the book lay on the desk near the open window, the weather being quite warm that day. He did not bother turning on the electric light, as he did not intend to remain. Before taking up the book he leaned out of the window for a breath of air. He heard voices in the office next door, for the window adjoining was also open. One of the voices was that of McManus the janitor, another was Kidder's, and the third he recognized as Grinnell's.

Eddie had no intention of listening to what the three men said, but they spoke so loud that he couldn't fail to hear what they were talking about. His attention was attracted when he heard his own name mentioned.

"Well," said McManus, "I'll stand in with you on this for a share of the dough. I hate that little monkey good and hard, for he insulted me the day he rented his rooms, and I've been itchin' for a chance to get square with him."

"This will be your opportunity, then," replied Kidder. "All you'll have to do is to let us into his place a couple of hours from now when everything is quiet. My partner has learned a thing or two about opening safes while he was up the river, and we have the tools here to do the job with. I'll give you \$250, and chances are some stock certificates he bought yesterday, and which we are almost certain he has in his safe. I don't believe that he's fool enough to keep much money on the premises when safe-deposit boxes will answer better. Well, is it a go?"

"It is," answered McManus. "I'd rather do him up some way than pocket the money, but still I'd like to have that, too."

They talked a while longer on the subject, and Eddie found out all about their plans.

"It's a lucky thing I came back for that book," he said to himself. Kidder and his partner, as well as the janitor, are bigger rascals than I ever took them to be. Now what shall I do? I'd like to catch them in the act. It would do me good to rid Wall Street of such scoundrels. Grinnell's association with crooks in Sing Sing has clearly not improved him. He seems to have learned the mystery of safe breaking. I must see if I can't send him back again, with Kidder and McManus for company. They'll be more at home there than among gentlemen."

Eddie decided to go to the nearest police station and have a consultation with the captain or the detective-sergeant in charge. He let himself out of his office without noise and left the building. Arrived at the station, he told the captain, whom he was so fortunate as to meet there, all the particulars of the projected burglary at his office that night. The captain questioned him closely, and, being satisfied that the young trader had good reason for coming to the station, he proceeded to lay a plan to catch the three rascals in the act.

"I'll send three officers with you, Mr. Rand," said the captain. "You will have to consult with the night watchman in the building and arrange

some scheme for catching those fellows unawares. If you can get into an adjoining office so as to remain concealed with the officers until the janitor lets the rascals into your office, it will be the best thing you can do. When they get down to work you can then nab them in the act."

Eddie said that this was a first-class plan, and he would endeavor to put it into effect with the assistance of the night watchman. Three policemen were then detailed to accompany him, and the party started for the Wall Street office building.

"It isn't so long ago that I trapped one of these brokers in a stock deal," the boy remarked to the officers as they walked up the street. This night's project is, no doubt, an attempt of both Kidder and Grinnell to be avenged on me for what I have done for them, for it was my evidence that helped to send the latter to State prison."

Reaching the building, Eddie told the officers to remain outside until he had seen the watchman and talked with him. The watchman let him in, and, taking him aside, Eddie told his story. The man rather doubted his statement, for it seemed absurd that two tenants of the building, and the janitor as well, would concoct and try to carry out such a project; but when the boy called the three officers inside the watchman recognized the seriousness of the situation. He had a master-key that would open any door, and agreed to let Eddie and the policemen into the office on the right side of the boy trader's room, Kidder & Grinnell's office being on the left. So the party walked up stairs to the sixth floor, and passed softly down the corridor in their stocking feet. The watchman silently unlocked the door of the office where the party proposed to hide in and then returned down stairs. One of the windows of the room was softly raised by an officer, who looked out on the well which admitted light and air to the offices surrounding it.

He saw that a broad board extended around under all the windows, sufficiently wide to provide a safe foothold for the men who cleaned the windows from the outside. He called Eddie over and suggested a certain plan of action. It was that he and Eddie should work their way along the footway, after the rascals had entered the boy's office and got to work, and surprise them by entering through the nearest well window, while the other two officers were to force their way through the corridor door if they couldn't unlock it with the lad's own key. Eddie agreed that the plan was a good one and said they would adopt it. Then he went to the door and, holding it slightly ajar, awaited developments. Three-quarters of an hour elapsed and then the light in Kidder & Grinnell's office was extinguished. Three men presently emerged into the dimly lighted corridor, one of them carrying a bundle under his arm. They walked over to Eddie's door, McManus in the lead. This rascal speedily opened the door and all three entered, closing the door behind them. In a moment the electric light inside flared up. Eddie notified the officers that the game was on.

"We'll give them time enough to get their work in on the safe and then get busy," he said.

Inside of half an hour a muffled explosion was heard in Eddie's room.

"They've blown open the safe," said the officer

who had looked out of the window. "Now's the time to interrupt their little game."

The other officers, who had been instructed in their part, left the room, while Eddie and the policeman who had spoken slipped cautiously out at the window and carefully made their way along the footway to the next window.

Eddie threw up the window and stepped over the sill, followed by the policeman, revolver in hand. Their sudden appearance momentarily paralyzed the rascals, then Kidder seized a chair and swung it aloft, while McManus reached for the electric light.

"Stop!" thundered the officer, covering McManus with his weapon. "Back away or I'll shoot."

The janitor in abject terror cowered against the wall.

"Drop that chair and throw up your hands!" cried the policeman to Kidder.

The rascal hesitated, while Grinnell sprang to his feet and rushed for the door. It was crashed open in his face, and the rascals were fairly caught. Next morning Wall Street had a new sensation when the papers published a full account of the attempted burglary of the boy trader's office by Kidder and Grinnell, assisted by the janitor of the office building. In due time they were tried, convicted, and sent up for seven years each, Grinnell getting three years extra on account of his former record. One of the Sunday papers printed a full page about Eddie Rand and his career from messenger boy to broker under the title of "A Game Wall Street Boy," and this proved one of the best advertisements he could have received. From that hour his prosperity was assured, and he steadily advanced as a factor in Wall Street affairs. At twenty-one he was worth nearly half a million, and was doing a land-office business, with Mr. Peabody as his chief clerk and Dick Story as an able assistant. Then he decided that he was ready to get married, and as Emily Melville had no objection to changing her name for his they were united in the bonds of wedlock. It was a double wedding, for Dick Story took Nellie Rand for his life partner at the same time and place. Eddie then gave Dick an interest in the business, and the sign on their new office read, "Rand & Story, Stock Brokers."

Although Eddie would have succeeded anyway in time, he and Dick both agreed that success came much earlier to him than it otherwise would owing to the fact of his Trapping the Brokers.

Next week's issue will contain "A MILLION IN GOLD; or, THE TREASURE OF SANTA CRUZ."

"Look at me!" exclaimed the leading lawyer, warmly. "I never took a drop of medicine in my life, and I'm as strong as any two of your patients put together." "Well, that's nothing," retorted the physician. "I never went to law in my life and I'm as rich as any two dozen of your clients put together."

CURRENT NEWS

ANCIENT WALLPAPER

A house at Edgartown, Mass., has wallpaper in the front hall that was put on eighty-two years ago. After this long interval the colors are bright and appear fresh to the eye. Just a while ago, the paper having become torn in a certain place, the defacement was repaired with a piece from the original roll which was found in the house, with the result that it is difficult to tell the new paper from the old, so fast have the colors remained.

ANCIENT HAIRPINS

Women used to lose their hairpins a thousand years ago much in the same way as they do to-day. That, at least, is the impression one gets from the antiquities found a short time ago at the Silchester excavations. The most interesting discovery was the building which formed apparently the principal baths of the Roman town. The exploration of parts of the baths yielded a number of architectural fragments including a small altar, portions of capitals and bases, part of a large basin of Purbeck marbles, and some singular pieces of metal. In a filled-up hypocaust were found at least 100 bone pins, which had evidently been used to adjust the back hair of Roman women who used the baths. Probably they had been dropped in the way women throughout the ages has shed pins, and were collected by the keeper of the baths. Some of them are quite three inches long and would make passable hairpins for the present fashion. A pair of gold earrings with uncut green gems are so bright that they look as if they might have just come out of a jeweler's shop on Broadway.

MUTES TOO NOISY

Because they made too much noise, Berlin's deaf and dumb have been ejected from their historic hang-out, "Deaf-Mutes' Cellar," on Alexander Platz. For years they had met there to play cards, carry out business deals and discuss politics in their sign language.

The proprietor of the "cellar" was moved to eject the mutes through the claim that they gave vent to their differences of opinion by sounds which they could not hear but which annoyed other patrons of the beer hall. Then argument often was reinforced by a banging of steins and the beating of fists on the table and even the hurling of chairs.

While he appreciated the business of the mutes, the proprietor said, they were proving a losing proposition in the end, as other customers refused to continue their patronage unless the boisterous men were removed.

A WISE BEAR

According to the stories told by Arctic explorers and whalers, polar bears—like many other animals of the Far North that have a hard time finding food—show an unusual reasoning faculty.

A whaler tells of planning to capture a polar bear by means of a slipnoose arranged about a bait. The noose caught one of the bear's paws, but the animal worked itself loose and carried

away the bait. The sailor set the noose again, but this time the bear pushed the rope away before venturing near the bait. The third time the sailor covered the noose with snow but the bear scraped about till he found the rope and again dragged it to one side. The fourth time the sailor put the bait in the bottom of a hole so the bear would have to crawl partly into it. Then he put the noose entirely round the hole and covered it with snow. This did not deceive the bear, however, as the animal carefully uncovered the rope, knocked it aside and carried off the bait. Then the sailor gave it up.

Another story tells of a polar bear's cleverness in catching a seal. The seal had climbed through a hole in the ice, but was keeping near the edge in order to be able to plunge in at the approach of danger. The bear saw the seal from a distance and knew that there was no chance to steal across the ice and attack its prey. Accordingly the bear entered the water through another hole a considerable distance away, swam under the ice to the hole through which the seal had emerged and seized the luckless animal, which naturally was taken entirely by surprise.

GAME ABUNDANT IN NORTHWEST

Reports from over the Northwest tend to prove the return of one of those periodic years of abundant wild animal life. The trapping fraternity has shown more inclination to establish the trap lines than for years, some of the Northwest outfitting stores reporting enormous sales of trapping and hunting supplies. Such energy by the Northwest trappers is not shown unless they are reasonably sure of big returns, for it requires courage to spend a lonely winter in the frozen, stormy wilderness.

Rabbits are more plentiful this winter in the Western States, Canada and Alaska than ever before known. It has been proved very conclusively that hares and rabbits fluctuate every eight and a half years, so the high tide of their existence is close at hand. The records of the Hudson Bay Company at Vancouver show the last abundant year of rabbit life was 1914, indicating this species of animal life should reach its height of periodic fluctuation next spring.

Lynx are more abundant than in recent years. A trapper caught eleven near by in a week. All had dined sumptuously on hare. Marten increase with rabbits and this kind of animal life is reported to be plentiful compared with the last five years.

Wolf and coyote have increased rapidly with the continuous feast of rabbit meat and despite constant preying on the hare family by meat eaters there seems to be no perceptible decrease in numbers.

Rabbits are said to be the key to abundant wild animal life. They furnish food for meat eaters, permitting other animals which fall the prey to carnivorous species in emergency to increase undisturbed.

Wild game birds have multiplied because foxes which usually prefer fowl, find rabbits so easy to capture.

GUS AND THE GUIDE

— Or, —

Three Weeks Lost in the Rockies

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER II.

Gus Gets Next To Colonel Tolkin's First Try.

"Give me a couple of hundred dollars and let me alone to work the business in my own way," he said. "Don't write me a line nor let any one write me from Denver or anywhere else until you get the word from me. I know the Far West as you can never know it. The only way to succeed in this business is for me to tramp into Black Rock looking for a job."

And that was precisely the way Gus struck the town.

He left the stage which runs up the Great North Canyon, in which Black Rock is located, thirty miles short of his destination, and appeared in town in a howling snowstorm, dressed in a suit of shabby old clothes, and not a sign of baggage.

When he reached Bill Biggins's hotel he was almost dead, but no one knew how he was really enjoying it all. It was like coming home again to strike that shabby little mining town.

There was just one level street in Black Rock, and that ran along by the creek, and contained the hotel, the inevitable opera-house, the business block, and the stores.

All the dwelling-houses—they were for the most part frame shanties—were located up the mountainside, by the mines, and the big smelting works.

There were quite a number of them, for Black Rock had a population of over four thousand people, and it is hardly necessary to say that it was of the roughest class.

Bill Biggins's barroom was fairly well crowded when Gus opened the door.

He made his way through the group of miners at the bar to the desk, where he spied the hotel register, and asked if he could have a room.

"Reckon not," replied Bill, shortly, for he was standing near the desk at the time. "There hain't a vacant room in the hotel, young feller, and if you excuse me for saying so, I do business only for cash, and you don't look as if you had the price."

"I'm most dead, colonel," said Gus. "I've tramped all the way from Boise looking for work. All the money I can raise to-night is a dollar, and I've been hanging onto that in case of trouble. I s'pose I can give it up, though, if I must. I believe I shall die if I don't get a good sleep."

"You can stop hyar by the fire till morning," said Bill. "That's all I can do for you. Whar you from? What's your name?"

"My name is Gus Brandt. I belong in Denver, but I haven't been there in a long time."

"Brandt!" cried Bill, and the men who stood near seemed equally interested. "Any relation to George Brandt?"

Gus shook his head. "No, I never had any re-

lations of that name," he replied. "Why do you ask?"

The idea of taking the name of the mysterious Brandt had seized him on the spur of the moment. Now that he had done so it was too late to retreat.

"Because we all want to know George," replied Bill Biggins. "There's been a slew of detectives out hyar a-lookin' for him. Haw, haw, haw! We'd like to know who he is ourselves. Hain't that so, colonel?"

A tall, heavy old man who stood with the group at the bar broke into a chuckling laugh.

"Waal, I reckon yer right," he drawled. "Them fellers have pestered me about George Brandt until they've made life a burden. Hain't seen none of 'em around in the last three or four weeks, though. Come, boys, let's lick'er up; this one's on me. As I was a-sayin', I'm the man what made Frisco. I'm the fust man that ever brung an ounce of gold dust into town, and don't you see——"

"What'll you have, gents? Name yer pizen!" broke in Bill Biggins, setting the bottle and glasses on the bar.

Bill judged that these interesting reminiscences were old stories, for every one began talking about something else, and seemed anxious to cut the old man short.

"Come, boy, have a drink with me!" he cried, turning to Gus. "My name is Tolkins—Colonel Tim Tolkins. I'm the man what made Frisco. I said from the fust——"

"Licker up! Licker up!" cried a miner standing next to the colonel. "Here, boy—it's your bottle. Fire away."

"Happy to join you, gentlemen," said Gus, "but I'm on the water-wagon. You'll have to let me make it a hot lemonade, or something of that sort."

There was a roar of laughter at this, but the colonel took Gus's part.

"The boy shall drink whatever he blame pleases," he declared. "When I hit Frisco in '49, no one ever dared to interfere with the other feller's likes and dislikes about eating and drinking. Hot lemonade for the kid, Bill Biggins; charge all to me. Now, gentlemen, let me tell you in the spring of '49, when I fust hit Frisco, I——"

"Hark!" cried one of the drinkers. "What was that?"

"Didn't hear nothin' but the howling of the wind," replied Colonel Tolkins.

"It was a yell, surest thing," said a long, lank, slab-sided fellow with chin whiskers like an elderly billygoat, which were well-dyed with tobacco-juice. "Wouldn't wonder if the Gophers were goin' to take advantage of the storm and hit the town."

"Rats! That last drink must have gone to your head, Silas Stump!" cried the colonel, evidently a good deal agitated. "The Gophers hain't never teched Black Rock and never will."

But others had heard the yell, and there was a general rush for the door.

Bill Biggins sprang for his cash drawer, and hastily emptying its contents into a tin box, ran out of the barroom just as a chorus of fiendish yells was heard outside, followed by a banging of revolvers.

(To be continued.)

HERE AND THERE

COMMON COLDS COST ENGLAND \$100,000,000

The costliest disease in England, in the aggregate, is the common cold, and the 60,000,000 to 80,000,000 cases of snuffles that will develop in British heads during the winter will cost in the neighborhood of \$100,000,000, according to a London Medical Health officer.

He bases his figures on an average cost in loss of time, lowered working capacity, medicines and doctors' bills at \$1.25 a cold, although in many cases the costs mount up to \$50 or more.

THE FIRST GAS TUBES

William Murdock, a Scottish mining engineer, appears to have been the first to suggest that gas might be conveyed in tubes and used instead of lamps and candles. He made a very ingenious gas lantern for himself, with which he used to light his way over the Cornish moors at night. This lantern consisted of a bag filled with gas and fitted with a tube, at the end of which the gas could be lighted. Carrying the bag under his arm, Murdock used to light his way home at night. On meeting any one he would give the bag a squeeze and thus send out a long tongue of flame. This led to his being looked upon as the demon of the Cornish moors.

STRENGTH OF MAN

Experiments on a number of men have shown that a man five feet high and weighing 126 pounds will lift on an average 156 pounds through a vertical distance of eight inches, or 217 pounds through a height of 1.2 inches. Others 6.1 feet high and weighing 183 pounds could lift the 156 pounds to a height of 13 inches, or 217 pounds to a height of 6 inches. Other men 6 feet 3 inches high and weighing 188 pounds could lift 156 pounds to a height of 16 inches, or 217 pounds to a height of 9 inches. By a great variety of experiments it was shown that the average human strength is equivalent to raising 30 pounds through a distance of 2 1-2 feet in one second.

HOME-MADE CAMERA

A fair camera can be made from two or three old cigar boxes by boys and girls who are reasonably expert in carpentry. The writer once saw one made in such a way by a boy of fourteen for a total cost of 50 cents. It took excellent pictures and was fitted with a lens that consisted of a pin prick in a sheet of tin foil. I have even heard of using silver foil paper, such as is often wrapped around chocolates, instead of using sheet tin or brass. In exposing interior subjects such as parlors, sitting-rooms and play-rooms a much longer exposure must be given to the plate. I once took a dark interior with an exposure of three hours.

THE COLORADO TUNNEL

When the famous Moffat tunnel, soon to be drilled through the Continental Divide in Colorado at a cost of more than \$1,000,000 a mile, is in operation a transcontinental motor route through that State will be opened twelve months of the

year instead of only five months in which the highway is now accessible. Hundreds of miles of road through desert sands encountered will be eliminated. It is expected that the tunnel will be available for use in 1926.

Although the Moffat tunnel, which will be the fifth largest transportation tunnel in the world and the longest in America, will cut the rail distance between Denver and Salt Lake City 173 miles and open a new route from Chicago to the Pacific seventy miles shorter than existing lines, it is estimated by highway experts that the benefits to be derived from the tunnel as an automobile highway will justify the entire cost of construction.

By the expenditure of \$6,720,000 to drill 6.04 miles through solid granite the Colorado Tunnel Commission will lower the tracks of the temporary line of the Moffat Road (Denver & Salt Lake) over the Continental Divide about 2,500 feet and open an uninterrupted winter route for automobiles through the tunnel at an elevation of 9,100 feet instead of being accessible only a few months through Berthoud Pass at an elevation of 11,330 feet.

The Moffat tunnel will provide cars especially built for the transportation of automobiles and all trains will be drawn by electric locomotives, eliminating smoke and gases. The tunnel will be used in connection with the proposed Victory Highway, running from Wilmington, Del., to San Francisco. Passing through Washington, D. C., the highway will continue through Wheeling, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City and Denver, where it is planned to continue west through Berthoud Pass, Steamboat Springs, Salt Lake City and Reno to San Francisco.

Completion of the Moffat tunnel is eagerly awaited by those fostering the Victory Highway as it is the only link in the proposed route that might block the plans for the greatest highway in the world. The tunnel should be completed in three and a half years, with present improved engineering appliances.

The tunnel will open up the vast resources of Northwest Colorado. Coal deposits that will be made accessible are estimated to be greater than the combined coal areas of Pennsylvania and West Virginia and will be made available for Denver and points east. These coal areas west of the mountains cover 1,200 square miles with a probable available tonnage of 39,000,000,000 tons of coal. A saving in transportation of coal will amount to 70 cents to \$1 a ton over the rate now made by any of the transcontinental lines.

The pilot tunnel to be bored in advance of the main tunnel will eventually be used for water transportation. A large body of water lies on the western slope of the mountains and is now inaccessible to Denver, where it is needed. It is estimated that the worth of water to the city of Denver will be \$300,000 annually. The State of Colorado has already given permission to divert the water from the western slope.

INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

COURSES IN RADIO

The Pennsylvania State College is offering courses by correspondence in radio reception and transmission, one for the ordinary pupil and one for advanced work.

TELLING THE DIFFERENCE

If the transformer and amplifier tube precedes the detector, it is a radio frequency amplifier and the transformer is a radio frequency transformer; if the transformer and amplifier tube come after the detector, it is an audio frequency amplifier and the transformer is an audio frequency transformer.

BELLS IN YOUR SET

The ringing sound from lamps is known as a microphonic noise caused by a jar which vibrates the elements of the tubes. Such noise is more common when dry cell tubes are used. That is the reason dry cell tube sockets are mounted on sponge rubber or springs to absorb the mechanical shocks.

RADIO LIGHTHOUSES

British tests with the radio lighthouse have proved very successful. The tests referred to have been in progress now for six months.

A lighthouse station was erected at Nash Point, between Swansea and Cardiff and conducted practical tests for guiding ships by means of radio beams.

The experimental station rotates at a fixed speed, sending its bearings over a beam picked up by the receiving sets on ships which have lost their bearings in a fog or a storm, thereby giving the location of the radio post, in direction along the line of greatest intensity of signals and its distance to within fairly close limits.

NEUTRODYNES

If the regulation transformer is used in the neutrodyne circuit, that is, seventy-five turns on the three-inch tube, an 11-plate condenser will be quite sufficient to tune it over broadcast wave range. This range will be approximately 250 to 600 meters.

It is an advantage to keep the capacity as low as possible, and the inductance as high as possible, subject to good results, and consequently an 11-plate condenser will be the best.

There is no reason why three stages of tuned radio-frequency cannot be used, but from a practical point of view it increases the difficulty of tuning, and at the same time the amount to be obtained from the extra stage of radio-frequency is so small that it is a question whether it is worth the trouble. With regard to the condensers, a good direct contact to the rotor plates is absolutely necessary, so that there will be a minimum of losses.

RADIO ON THE SEA

When a sailor gets sick the captain sends out a wireless message to the nearest United States

marine hospital describing the sick man's condition and asking for advice. A reply is shortly received, telling in simple language what to do and how to do it.

Many interesting cases have occurred since this novel way of treating the sick at sea was started by the Public Health Service through its marine hospitals. In one instance a freighter nearing the port of Baltimore developed engine trouble. While at anchor off an uninhabited stretch of coast one of her crew fell through an open hatchway and suffered a fracture of the leg. The radio was brought into play and the message was picked up by a station at Cape May, N. J. The station advised the Marine Hospital at Baltimore by long distance telephone, giving the location of the ship. The hospital sent back word through the Cape May station that an ambulance would be sent immediately with a doctor to the place where the disabled ship lay, which was some fifteen or twenty miles from the hospital. The doctor directed the removal of the seaman from ship to shore and took him to the hospital.

TESTING THE BATTERY

Probably the most positive method of determining the condition of a storage battery is that using a hydrometer. This instrument looks very much like a long, narrow syringe. In it is a small glass float about three inches long. The bottom part has been blown out and weighted with buckshot. The thin upper stem contains a strip of paper marked off in numbers, the scale usually running from 1100 to 1350.

To test the battery, the small vent caps on the tops of the cells are unscrewed, and the rubber tube of the hydrometer inserted in one opening at a time. The bulb is squeezed by hand, and then carefully allowed to resume its former shape, thus drawing a quantity of acid into the glass tube. Without removing the hydrometer from the battery, the level of the float is observed. If the 1250 mark is level with the liquid, then the battery is practically fully charged. If the reading is around 1220 or 1225, the battery is half charged, but is still good for some service. If the figure falls to 1150, it is an indication that the battery has been in use for some time, and should be placed on charge immediately.

A story battery should never be allowed to remain in a discharged condition for any extended period. It will give the longest and steadiest service if it is kept fully charged or nearly so all the time. Of course, it is most convenient to keep a charging device right in the home, to save the trouble of having the battery carted to a service station every week. Chargers are not expensive, and save no end of trouble, because moving the battery around always means spilled acid, and spilled acid means a mutilated carpet or rug. Besides, the set is always ready for use, and its owner is then never caught unawares by unexpected company.

GOOD READING

COLUMBIA RIVER NAVIGATED BY YOUTH

A hazardous journey of 1,268 miles in a seventeen-foot canoe from the head waters of the Columbia River to its mouth was completed when Amos Burg, twenty-three, of Portland, Ore., landed at Ilwaco, Wash.

Burg left Canal Flat, Lake Columbia, B. C., on October 23, 1924. The last leg of his journey from Bridal Veil, Ore., was made with the river choked with ice, which delayed him greatly.

RICE FEEDS MILLIONS

If the importance of rice as a food product is to be measured by the number of persons who make use of it, it must be regarded as the most important of all food products—as a matter of fact, this cereal is the principal food of about one-half of the whole population of the earth. Where dense populations are dependent for food upon an annual crop and the climate permits its cultivation rice has been selected as the staple food. Among the countries are China, with a population of 400,000,000; British India; 300,000,000, and Japan 50,000,000. The Chinese are among the earliest people to cultivate rice, and so great a value was attached to it that from immemorial times in the annual ceremonial sowing of important plants the rice had to be sown by the emperor himself while the four other plants of the ceremony might be sown by the princes of the family.

Rice is an annual plant, belonging to the natural family of the grasses, just as do wheat, barley, oats, Indian corn and the other cereals. As is the case with most plants which have been cultivated for long periods and on an extensive scale, there are many varieties of rice, the descendants of the original wild stock. In the museum at Calcutta, for instance, there are no less than 1,107 different varieties of Indian rice, in addition to 1,300 kinds from other countries. In Japan and China there are also numerous varieties, so that altogether the different kinds of rice all over the world must be reckoned in large figures.

OLD TIME SPORT IN TEXAS

One of the early day sports of cowboys of the Upper Rio Grande border was the matching of tarantulas and vinegarroons in fights, often with side bets amounting to hundreds of dollars. These fights were usually held on Sunday, the cowboys for miles around would come into town to engage in or witness the sport. Both tarantulas and vinegarroons are found in great numbers in this part of West Texas.

Bill Cossman, who has been ranching in that region since before the days of the railroad, was telling of some of the sports of the cowboys of those times while in Marathon recently loading cattle for shipment.

"The black tarantulas," he said, "often get as large as both your fists and as tough as a bulldog. Their sting is as dangerous as a rattlesnake bite. The vinegarroon is the white-tailed scor-

pion, the famous armed creature of West Texas that is as hideous as a gila monster. It has a thick shell all over its body and two big and strong claws, though the critter seldom grows to be more than two inches long.

"Tarantulas and vinegarroons are as vicious as bulldogs when they get mad. It takes them some time to get started, but when they do start they seem to have human intelligence about fighting.

"The cowboys would pay the Mexican boys \$1 each for every big tarantula or vinegarroon they would catch during the week and keep until Sunday. When the men came in on Sunday the boys would often have a hundred or more of each of these animals. They would put them in bottles or boxes during the week and feed them flies or worms.

"About 9 o'clock Sunday morning each man who had a tarantula or a vinegarroon would bring his fighter to the pit that they had made for the fights. Then the fun would begin. One vinegarroon would be matched against two big tarantulas. They are natural enemies and would begin fighting on sight of each other. The tarantulas would rush at the vinegarroon and try to poison it. This creature, however, would use its strength and grab at them with its strong clutches. One tarantula would fight from one side and the other from the other side. The vinegarroon would jump first at one and then the other. It resembled a prize fight, and sometimes the tarantulas would get the vinegarroon down and sting it to death, but in most cases the vinegarroon would grab the tarantulas in its strong claws and crush the life out of them. I have seen these fights last for an hour at a time and every moment was as interesting as a horse race.

"Sometimes tarantulas would be matched against each other and sometimes vinegarroons would be matched against each other. In either case the fight was interesting. I have known both vinegarroons and tarantulas that had been victorious in as many as ten fights to sell for as much as \$5 each. Their owners would keep them as carefully as they would a race horse and they were always heralded as champions.

"I remember well one fight between two big vinegarroons, each of which had won a score or more fights, in which fully \$1,000 changed hands among the 300 or more spectators. The fight lasted for half an hour and was as desperate a struggle as any bull fight I ever saw."

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FROM ALL POINTS

MAN OF 475 POUNDS DIES

William Johnson, 78 years old, died recently in the New York City farm colony at Springville, Staten Island, N. Y. Although only five feet five inches in height, Johnson weighed 475 pounds. His only known relative, a sister, died about four months ago.

160,000,000 MORE COINS

One hundred and sixty million coins were made at the Philadelphia Mine in 1924, of which 12,663,198 were foreign coins, the annual report of H. F. Chaffin, Assistant Superintendent, made public recently. This was approximately 40,500,000 pieces less than the output for 1923, when there was an unusual demand for coins of all kinds.

The total value of the domestic coinage last year was \$105,315,820, divided among double eagles, silver dollars, half dollars, quarters, dimes, nickels and pennies.

11,000 WORDS ON POSTCARD

Professor Nicola Durso of Lecce University, Rome, is believed to have beaten all miniature penmanship records in a postcard which he sent to Queen Elena as a New Year's greeting.

On it Professor Durso transcribed the history of Montenegro, a number of Montenegrin love songs, anecdotes and poems, the life of the Petrovitch family and of Queen Elena and King Victor Emmanuel and a description of their marriage.

Altogether on the postcard there were 260 lines 11,000 words and 54,230 letters. The entire work was done without the aid of a magnifying-glass.

DEAF "HEAR" BY TOUCH

As a result of experiments conducted in Washington since September, Professor Robert H. Gault, of Northwestern University, believes the deaf and hard of hearing may be enabled "to understand speech by touch." He describes his work as "most encouraging," and declares "it seems to be distinctly within the range of probability that both method and mechanism may be so im-

proved" that persons so handicapped actually will be able to "feel" what others hear, writes the *Washington Post*.

Professor Gault has been making his studies in a specially equipped laboratory in Gallaudet College. He began his experiments more than two years ago in the university, at Evenston, Ill., and is continuing them under the auspices of the National Research Council.

"The idea," he explained, "is to communicate vibrations of speech mechanically to a sensitive skin area where spoken words and sentences may be felt. Theoretically no two words and no two sentences feel alike, and the problem is to learn to recognize them by their feel."

"In the course of forty sessions of a half hour each, five of seventeen deaf and hard of hearing persons have got to the point of being able, with a fair degree of accuracy, to identify twenty sentences of six one-syllabled words each, and aggregating sixty different words."

LAUGHS

"My wife still thinks I'm a treasure." "I wish mine did; she thinks I'm a treasury."

He—I don't approve of tips. She—It has been noticed that you do not even tip your hat.

"You seem to be able to draw a great deal of interest from that gentleman." "Of course I do. He's my principal."

Guff—That fellow has struck out three times already. What's the matter with him? Stuff—Oh, he's a prohibitionist.

"Well, did you have a good time at the masquerade?" "Naw! I thought my wife was somebody else, and I cut up with her all the evening."

"So your son is going to high school?" "Yes." "How far has he got?" "To the point where I seem to be an intellectual two-spot."

"Hear about Jones in the game yesterday? He brought a man home." "That's nothing—I bring at least two home every night."

Prof.—I hope that you will have a very pleasant vacation and come back knowing more than you do now. Fresh (attempting to be polite)—The same to you, sir.

Gabe—has Jones a good memory? Steve—Should say he has. Why, he can name you the last six Vice-Presidents of the United States.

Little Fred was sent away from the table for insubordination. Promising to be obedient, he was lifted into his chair again. "I'm all right now, papa," he said, "but I ain't sorry I did it."

Aggressive Manager—Here you! Get out on the coaching lines and teach some of them youngsters the business! Star Player—What? An' spoil me voice for the vaudeville stage? I guess nix!

FROM EVERYWHERE

INSANE BEAUTIES

Beauty parlors have been established at two of Missouri's State Asylums for the insane, and two more are to be added to other similar institutions soon.

HORSESHOE GROWS IN TREE

Frank Romeo chopped down an old tree at Haddonfield, N. J., and was making ready to lay in his supply of winter kindling when his ax gave a metallic ring. When the log was split he found an imbedded horseshoe.

From the position of the horseshoe in the tree and from the rings indicating the tree's age Romeo figured that the shoe must have been in the tree since 1777.

HINT FOR BEGGARS

He was a beggar and he sat in a subway entrance in New York with a bundle of pencils, a wooden leg and an idea. He had his wooden leg painted and polished and in it was cut a slot large enough to receive a nickel. A goodly number of people who came down stared at the slot abstractedly and slipped a coin in it. "It's better than a tin cup," said the beggar. "People in this town have got in the habit of putting money in slots, with subway turnstiles, gum machines, weighing machines and so forth. I get more than I used to."

THESE BILLS ARE BOGUS

Look out for the following counterfeit bills:

A \$20 counterfeit national bank note on the First National Bank of Fayette, Idaho.

A \$20 counterfeit note on the Central National Bank of San Angelo, Tex.

A \$10 counterfeit national bank note on the American Exchange National Bank of New York.

A \$5 counterfeit—a silver certificate crudely executed.

The Treasury Department recently warned all banks and trust companies against these notes, describing the \$20 bills as "especially deceptive." They are being made in Mexico to fool natives and tourists.

"HELP YOURSELF" HOTEL

In Pearsall, Tex., is a "help yourself" hotel. This hostelry has been in successful operation two years. It is owned by H. L. Brooks, sheriff and tax collector of the county.

Mr. Brooks is so well pleased with his experiment of running a hotel on the honesty of his guests that he plans to add more rooms to accommodate the growing list of visitors. He unlocks the box where the guests have deposited their money for rooms once every week or so. The housekeeping, such as making the beds and cleaning rooms, is done by a servant.

The hotel is convenient to the business section of the town. It is an attractive building and the rooms are large and well fitted.

On entering the lobby the guests at once see the rules and regulations hanging on the wall. First is the book where the name of the guest

and the number of the room he takes are registered. Then on the wall is a small blackboard, on which is a list of numbers of the occupied rooms and the unoccupied rooms. When a guest takes a room he erases it from the list of unoccupied rooms and writes the number of the room with the name of the occupier.

On the table is a container holding envelopes. Each guest takes an envelope and writes the number of his room on it, places the money he owes for the room in it and seals it, then, before leaving the hotel, drops it in a lock-box on the table.

Oftentimes, Mr. Brooks says, he gets letters from persons who have stayed at his hotel saying how they enjoyed being guests in such a unique hotel. He also says that he has been cheated out of only \$2.

LOOK, BOYS!

TRAPEZEE

The Acrobatic Wonder Toy

ALMOST HUMAN IN ITS ACTIONS!

It consists of a handsome parallel iron frame on which the little yellow man accurately performs like an athlete.

Five Different Stunts—

THE FLYING TRAPEZE — Release the trigger-pin and the figure swings forward, gripping the brass trapeze-bar, turns a somersault in the air and catches a cross-bar by his heels.

THROUGH THE LOOP — A swift swing and he goes through a wire loop, makes a turn and, catching by his heels, swings head downward from a bar.

THE GIANT SWING — He goes forward with a rush, releases the trapeze, catches a horizontal-bar with his heels, makes two swift somersaults in the air and catches by his heels again.

He performs two more horizontal-bar acts with the grace and agility of a circus star, and many new ones can be invented.

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ARTICLES OF INTEREST

SEALS SAID TO BE IDEAL FOR LIFE SAVING

The sun-tanned lifesaver at summer resorts may be put out of business by the trained sea lion, according to predictions made by Captain Hans Winston, a local animal trainer.

Captain Winston contends that he has a seal which could save half a dozen persons in rough water while the ordinary human lifesaver was wrestling with a single individual. The sea lion trained to save lives has been taught to grab men by the back of the neck in the water and swim with them to safety without injury from his jaws.

ANTEATER GOBBLES UP COLONY IN A MOUTHFUL

People who have trouble keeping ants out of the house might get a great anteater from South America for a pet, as the animal eats the insects by the thousands. The creature is so fond of ants that it will eat nothing else.

A peculiar feature of the animal's raids on ant hills is that it never pokes its nose into the ants' home. When they hear a noise outside, the ants rush from their homes to investigate.

Then the anteater runs its long sticky tongue over the hill and gobbles up a whole colony of insects in one mouthful. Like an Indian squaw, the anteater carries its one and only child on its back.

JELLYFISH MENACE FISHERIES

The resources of science have been appealed to in the hope of ridding the North Sea of the myriads of jellyfish which are devouring the eggs of valuable food fish. Up to the time of the coming of the hordes of jellyfish, the trawler captains of England, Holland, Germany and other nearby countries always considered the North Sea haddock and herring as their own particular spoils, writes the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Huge catches have made the North Sea fishermen rich, and helped to spread the fame of kippered herring and also of finnan haddock, until these two fish became known on almost every breakfast table in Europe and North America.

A glance at the jellyfish, which is almost all stomach and tenacles to sting and grab its food, shows what a rapacious creature it is, and how in the struggle for existence the herring and haddock were no match for it. The presence of these vermin in the North Sea is accounted for by a rise in the temperature of the Gulf Stream. It was this extra warm current that carried untold millions of jellyfish up to the coast of Norway, where they were afterward caught in the Norway current and swept into the North Sea.

\$100,000 IN HOVEL

Hoboken, N. J., police found money, jewelry and bonds valued at more than \$100,000 in the dilap-

idated house at 125 Madison street, Hoboken, where Mary Zunino fought with three policemen early in the day when they tried to remove the body of her father, John B. Zunino, eighty-five years old, who had died a few hours before.

Despite their wealth, Zunino and his daughter lived in the most abject poverty, occupying quarters which the Hoboken health authorities said were the most insanitary they had ever seen. Their only light and heat came from two candles and a lamp, and their food was of the poorest quality. Their clothing was rags, and they did not bother to clean either their clothes, themselves or their house.

The police had not expected to find anything of value, but in one of the rooms a detective kicked over a can and a shower of gold coins fell out, amounting to \$65. Hidden under floor boards not far away they found valuable jewelry, and in various receptacles were deeds for three Hoboken tenements, three bankbooks on New York City banks, Liberty bonds and other securities.

They had to smash two doors and overpower the daughter before they could remove the man's body. Miss Zunino was taken to the county jail for a mental examination.

CUNNING OF CROWS

Travelers in the Orient have much to say about the Indian crow, a bird that for uncanny knowingness and prankish audacity has perhaps no equal.

Corvus splendens—thus have ornithologists labeled him; but a famous naturalist who knows the breed at first hand has called them "shreds of Satan, cinders from Tartarus." To give these impish creatures their due, however, it should be said that life in India is not a little enlivened by their presence. Here is a characteristic incident in this relation:

A small hawk had seized a little bird and perched on a leafless branch to devour his prey. The spectacle drew two crows to the spot. They hopped and flapped from branch to branch, noisily discussing the strategy of their intended raid.

Then one of them quietly slipped away through the surrounding foliage. At the same time his mate flew in front of the perching hawk, and hovering steadily within a foot of his beak maintained a bustling menace of snatching the tidbit.

That effectively compelled the attention of the hawk. His prey grasped firmly beneath his feet, he angrily hissed and lunged at the hovering nuisance. So lively was the skirmish that the human onlooker forgot the existence of the second crow. But now that wily bird reappeared some distance in the rear of his destined victim.

With stealthy sidlings and short, noiseless flights he drew near. Then he made a swift dash, seized the hawk's long, barred tail by the tip, hung on with his full weight and toppled the luckless hawk in a complete back somersault from the branch. The released tidbit was instantly seized by the first crow, and the clever pair bore off their booty with much triumphant cawing.

DISCOVERS OLD RUINS NEAR MEXICO CITY

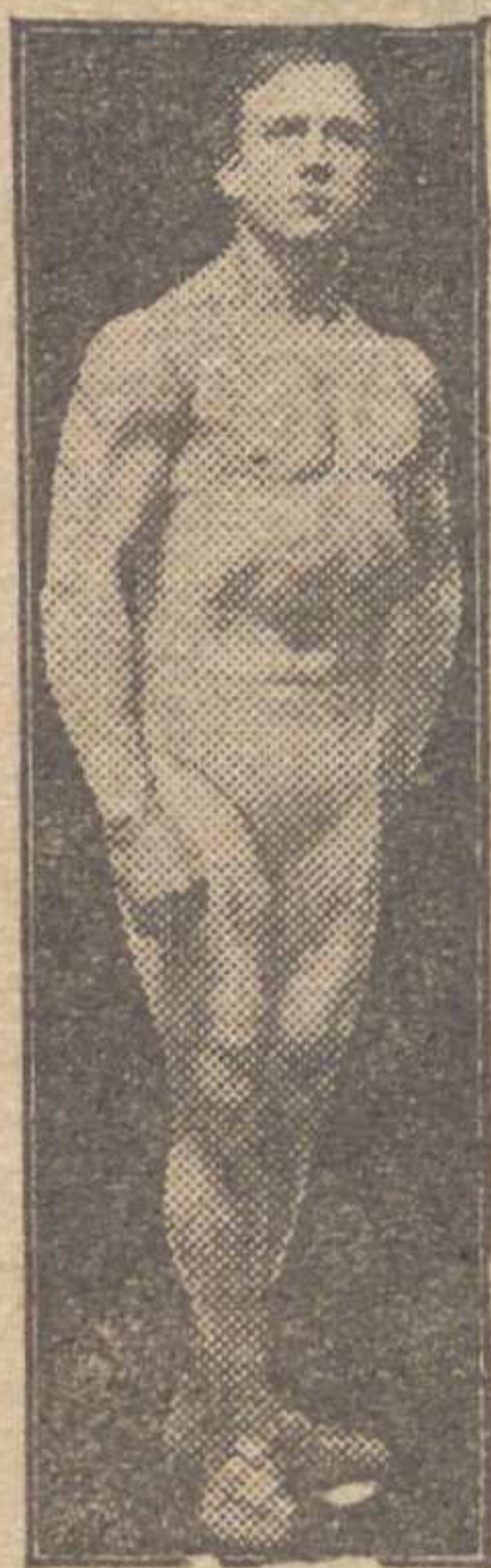
The remains of an old civilization have been discovered near Mexico City by Dr. H. L. Kroeber, of the University of California, near San Angel, a suburb of Mexico City. It is believed the ruins found are the oldest in America.

Investigations show the ruins are a pyramid or ancient cemetery.

Dr. Kroeber, while excavating at the base of a lava flow, discovered a portion of the ruins which are covered with many feet of lava which spread across the southern part of the Federal District of Mexico City during the eruption of a volcano.

Scientists believe the discovery is one of the most important made in Mexico. The remains are believed to be of the period known as Arcaica civilization. Government officials are planning to cut into the lava flow, which in places is more than a hundred feet deep, to examine the ruins.

Several years ago two skeletons with a number of dishes and other objects were found inside a cave in the lava. These skeletons, protected by glass boxes, are still in the positions that they assumed when the molten lava overcame the early inhabitants of the valley of Mexico.



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You Can Do It

My Book on Strongfortism will show you the way—Nature's way, the easiest, quickest, simplest way, without having to buy or take any patent medicine stuff. Thousands of my pupils have become strong, powerful men by means of Strongfortism—and you can practice if you like, as many of them have done, without interfering with your school or work, in the privacy of your own bedroom. **BUILD YOURSELF UP** into a strong, red-blooded MAN. You'll be looking for a position pretty soon, and your whole success in life will depend on how your first employer sizes you up. Begin right now to **FIT YOURSELF** for that examination; get yourself in shape, so that when you stand up among a dozen other boys he will spot you at once and say, **DON'T PUT IT OFF**. Write now, **TODAY**, for my **FREE BOOK**, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." It will tell you just how you can become a big, strong MAN. There's no charge for it, and

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MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY with photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 545, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—Write for big new directory with photos and descriptions. Free. National Agency, Dept. A, 4606, Sta. E., Kansas City, Mo.

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INCREASED USE IN WINTER OF NATIONAL PARKS SHOWN

Growing popularity of the country's national parks and their use for winter sports, as well as for summer vacation visits, are combining to make the park self-supporting, it is pointed out in the annual report of the National Park Service, says an Associated Press dispatch from Washington.

The parks are being recognized, said the report, as ideal winter playgrounds, with exceptional facilities for skiing, snowshoeing and tobogganing.

Revenues from national parks and monuments last year totaled 663,886, more than \$150,000 more than for the previous year. Travel to them in 1924 was tolerably over the 1923 record breaking visiting lists in spite of adverse conditions such as quarantines and forest fires.

An urgent need for extending the boundaries of several of the national parks was emphasized, particularly that of the Yellowstone southward to include the Teton Mountains and the area which is the breeding ground for the Yellowstone moose.

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